

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I. The Secrets of the Bulgarian Victories. <i>By Philip Gibbs.</i>	
Special Correspondent of "The Graphic" with the Bulgarian Army.	
	BRITISH REVIEW 515
II. French Military Aviation in 1912. <i>By T. F. Farman.</i>	
	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 521
III. Honesty. Part II. Chapters II. and III. <i>By M. E. Francis.</i>	
(To be continued.)	TIMES 531
IV. De Gustibus. <i>By Ethel Earl.</i>	EDINBURGH REVIEW 542
V. Virgil the Farmer.	SPECTATOR 551
VI. The Devilry of Ghoolam Rasool. <i>By Edmund C. Coz.</i>	
	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 554
VII. America Under the Money Trust.	NATION 562
VIII. La Paix. <i>By H. Collinson Owen.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW 565
IX. Fido.	PUNCH 568
X. The Phoenix of Aesthetics. <i>By E. Steekma.</i>	OUTLOOK 570
XI. Poverty and Optimism.	SPECTATOR 573

A PAGE OF VERSE.

XII. The Parable of the Rich Man. <i>By Katharine Tynan.</i>	
	BRITISH REVIEW 514
XIII. After Reading Homer.	514
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	575



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THE PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN.

Lord Jesus stood at Paradise gate
 And saw a myriad worlds and stars.
 Oh, what is this so desolate
 Clinging to the gold bars?

The salt spume on its eyes and lips,
 The seaweed tangled in its hair.
 Oh, scourged with bitter thorns and
 whips,
 What seas have stripped thee bare?

Lord Jesus bowed His comely head
 With: What art thou, thou thing
 forlorn?
 Oh, I am a rich man's soul, it said,
 That died ere I was born.

By Thine own lips was judgment given,
 Yea, judgment sharper than a sword.
 How shall a rich man enter Heaven?
 Yea, Thou hast said it, Lord.

It was the dead oped lips to cry
 How should I save my soul, alas!
 Since easier through the needle's eye
 The camel's shape should pass?

Lord Jesus, Who hath ruth for all,
 Had pity on the rich man's doom:
 I can do all things great and small,
 Yea, give the camel room.

But who is it has hurt thee, say,
 Made thee one gaping wound and
 marred
 Out of immortal likeness, yea
 As I was, marred and scarred?

And knowest Thou not, Lord Christ,
 this hour,
 Who knowest all has been, shall be,
 That the great ship, new Babel's
 Tower,
 Is sunk beneath the sea?

The iceberg pierced her monstrous
 side,
 As frail as any cockleshell,
 With a great sob she plunged and died.
 Oh, Lord, what need of hell?

The rich men now that went so brave
 Drift 'twixt Cape Race and Labra-
 dor.
 Not such as these Thou diedst to save,
 Thou Saviour of the poor.

Not these, not these, Thou diedst to
 win;

Thy Passion was not spent for them.
 Have I not purged me from my sin
 Who heard the women scream?

Son, I was there and saw thee die.
 The unstable waters bore me up
 Whose hollowed hand can hold the
 sky,
 Sun, stars, as in a cup.

I, Shepherd of the Ocean, passed;
 Gathered my lambs, gathered my
 sheep:
 Saw rich men greatly die at last.
 Yea, what they lost they keep.

That was the door I opened,
 Narrow and high in Paradise wall,
 That they should die in another's
 stead,
 For mine, the meek and small.

That which they cast away they save.
 They paid their debt in full. One
 breath:
 Smiled on the innumerable grave,
 Leaped, and found Life, not Death.

Not through the needle's eye may fare
 The camel: by a straiter gate,
 Naked and scourged, made clean and
 bare,
 The rich man enters late.

Katharine Tynan.

The British Review.

AFTER READING HOMER.

Happy the man, who on the mountain-
 side,
 Bending o'er fern and flowers his bas-
 ket fills:
 Yet he will never know the outline-
 power,
 The awful Whole of the Eternal Hills.

So some there are, who never feel the
 strength
 In thy blind eyes, majestic and com-
 plete,
 Which conquers those, who motion-
 lessly sit,
 O dear divine old Giant, at thy feet.

THE SECRETS OF THE BULGARIAN VICTORIES.

Not for a long time has Europe been so startled as when, after the challenge of war had been flung at Turkey by the allied states of the Balkan League, and after a brief period of silence and uncertainty, there came the news of great victories for the Christian armies, following each other with amazing rapidity. At first the reports, so meagre in their details, were received with incredulity, almost with scorn. With only a few exceptions the military critics of the great newspapers in our own and other countries refused to believe that Turkey was being so easily crushed. They had believed in the military power of the Turks, in the fighting quality of the Turkish soldier, in the enormous reserve strength of the Turkish Empire. They were confident that in the long run the Crescent would thrust back these little states under the Cross, and give them a frightful hammering. They could not bring themselves to believe in the military organization and efficiency of Greece. They mocked at Montenegro. They scoffed at the Servians, and although they had some respect for Bulgaria, they held fast to the opinion that Turkey would throw an overwhelming force at the Bulgarian front and smash it into a retreat behind the mountains.

The military critics did not quickly abandon this point of view. Even after the first successes they saw merely a strategic withdrawal of the Turks until they had lured the Christian armies into a death-trap, from which there would be no escape. It was only when the news of the Bulgarian victory, and the utter rout of the Turks, at Lule Burgas had come across the wires, that the critics had to admit the almost ludicrous inaccu-

racy of their forecasts, and the plain, amazing truth of Turkey's downfall in Europe.

This brief chapter in history, which has altered the map, and upset many traditions and theories, and led to a complete re-shaping of political programmes among the Great Powers, is still mysterious in many of its details. Not until the official history has been written with further knowledge than may be gained from the censored despatches of newspaper correspondents, most of them far from the fighting line, and from the scanty words in official bulletins, will the world understand the causes which led so swiftly to the destruction of one of the greatest armies ever assembled in the field of war, and to the victories of a nation like Bulgaria, which until then had been an unknown quantity in the Near East.

I do not pretend to have any special and exclusive information. I cannot pose as being in the counsels of "high personages." But keeping my eyes and ears open, as a correspondent on the Bulgarian side, watching the business of war as it was organized from the beginning, seeing the mobilization of the troops, and living for seven weeks among the officers and men, it seems to me that I have discovered some at least of the secrets which lie behind the Bulgarian victories.

I had the opportunity of talking with King Ferdinand and of studying the character of the man as he moved about in the rear of his army, and sometimes at the front, and as it was revealed to me by men who have been in close touch with him. Undoubtedly one secret of the Bulgarian success lies in the strange and remarkable personality of the king himself. For it is no journalistic or popular fiction

to say that it was his brain which conceived the war, and engineered it. He was the business manager of the war, and made himself a master of all the details of this tremendous affair. He came as an adventurer to his throne, and for a time was hated by the people who had had him thrust upon them for political motives. As a Coburg and as an Orleans he was distrusted by the Tartar peasants, to whom he was bound by no link of sentiment or tradition or blood. But he was a rich man, and he spent his money lavishly. It was largely due to his private fortune that Sofia was converted during his reign from a squalid town of Turkish character into a modern city with some pretence to grandeur. He kept up great pomp and state, and gave the people royal shows which made him a familiar figure, and broke down the old feelings of distrust.

The King, or Prince, as it was more accurate to call him, having won the people, proceeded to capture the political machine. He surrounded himself with a little band of ministers, able and astute men, who formed the party in power, and came to office time after time, by careful work in the constituencies. They were willing to serve the Prince, to become not a national party, but a Prince's party because they recognized him as a man of powerful character and real organizing genius. Although, nominally, the constitution of Bulgaria was and is democratic, it has really been governed for the last twenty years by an autocrat, a man with an iron hand in a velvet glove.

And this is one of the secrets of Bulgarian success, for however one may hate autocracy in theory, it is often very beneficial to a state like Bulgaria, a nation of peasants, with only a sprinkling of intellectuals, and needing the strong rule of a man whose genius is directed to their ad-

vancement. King Ferdinand is a man who loves pleasure—he does not shun the gaiety of Vienna or of Paris—but he also has a great capacity for work, and an over-mastering ambition. But for years he hid that ambition from all but his closest friends. Always he had his eye turned towards Turkey, at least to Thrace where there were almost as many Bulgarians as Turks in the villages and farms.

He had studied his own Bulgarian peasant and knew the qualities of the man, his old traditions of hate against the Mohammedan power which had so long held him in bondage, his religious fanaticism, his fighting qualities, his stubborn Tartar character, which makes him careless of death when he goes out to battle. King Ferdinand was convinced and expressed his conviction that the Bulgarians were the Japanese of the West. He was sure of them, when the time came to put them to the test. And he had long decided to put them to the test, when the time was ripe for the great move.

This war which seemed to be sprung so suddenly upon Europe had been prepared for years in a slow, deliberate and stealthy way. King Ferdinand had many spies in Constantinople, reporting upon the political situation, upon the conditions of the army, upon the defences of the city and upon the munitions of war. There were Bulgarian officers in Adrianople, disguised as Turkish fruit-sellers, making maps of all the forts and trenches. Bulgarian officers like General Savoff and General Ivanoff were sent to learn strategy in other armies of Europe, and then came home to organize the army of Bulgaria.

During the last three years enormous sums of money were spent in buying the latest types of French guns, and in accumulating vast stores of rifles and ammunition. The challenge to Turkey was only made when

all this organization was practically complete. Even after the challenge had been issued the final move was not made until the organization was absolutely complete.

Europe could not understand why Bulgaria and Servia delayed after the first shots had been fired by Montenegro. The explanation was simple, as I saw with my own eyes. King Ferdinand and his ministers were dallying with the Great Powers, still holding out the hopes of their successful intervention, still "considering" the answer of the Turkish Government, until the last consignment of field artillery and big siege guns had duly arrived, and until a number of aeroplanes had been received. Then King Ferdinand said the word "Go," and the nation went. It was not merely an army that went to the front. It was indeed the whole nation. And this is another secret of the Bulgarian victories, as well as a secret of the price paid for those victories. I suppose, in spite of all that has been written, many of my readers still only faintly realize the character of the Bulgarian army. They imagine, I fancy, that the victorious troops were professional soldiers, highly trained in the use of arms, marching in full uniform, and resembling our own troops in the South African war, or the battalions of the German army.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The greater part of the Bulgarian forces was made up of reservists, with only the most elementary form of military training, and from the point of view of a professional army, largely undisciplined. They were peasant soldiers brought straight off the farms and wearing, most of them, their farm clothes, with just one or two details of military equipment, with a good rifle and plenty of ammunition. The vast majority of them were bad shots, except at close range, and had never faced the fire of guns.

They were reinforced by ragged regiments of Macedonian volunteers, who came tramping along the roads, with umbrellas, bundles of clothes, pack-horses and donkeys, the weirdest and most picturesque men who have ever taken part in a European war. These Macedonians were better marksmen than many of the Bulgarian soldiers, because a gun is part of their household furniture, and their Saturday half-holidays had been devoted to the sniping of Turks and Christians of other Churches, whenever the opportunity had occurred.

As I have said, King Ferdinand and his war-ministers called out not an army but a nation. They were cruel in their clean sweep of the nation's manhood. In the last reserve were boys of sixteen and men past sixty years of age. No one was spared from the roll-call. Professors and painters, journalists, merchants, shopkeepers, their shop-assistants, schoolmasters and school-boys, every kind and condition of Bulgarian, were summoned in that general "mop-up" of the national strength. It was cruel, but it was also magnificent. For the call was answered with a tremendous enthusiasm, and there were no evasions, no deserters. Everyone old enough and young enough to carry a gun, rallied to the flag.

Time and time again, when I sat among Bulgarian officers, in the filthy little houses of Turkish villages, in the valley of the Maritza, or on the hills above Adrianople, and got into conversation with unshaven, dirty, mud-stained men, who had lain in the trenches, or led convoys through the quagmires, who were living on army bread and army soup, who were enduring all the hardships and horrors of war, I was startled when they spoke of their past life—before this strange nightmare had begun, changing their habits, making all the things

that previously mattered to them of no importance—and when I found that one of these savage-looking ruffians was a Professor of Literature, and another a Professor of Chemistry, and a third an actor who had no more use for grease paint, and a fourth a poet who was learning new mysteries of life and death, and so on, through the whole range of social life.

It was strange to me, because I could not realize similar conditions in England. I could not imagine John Galsworthy in a mud-stained uniform, in charge of a bread-wagon, or Anthony Hope drinking soup out of an iron pot near a camp fire by a frontier bridge, or G. K. Chesterton, with a four weeks' beard on his chin, commanding a troop of mounted infantry, or Cyril Maude up to his top-boots in mud, with one shoulder to the right wheel of a gun-carriage.

Having taken all the men the Bulgarian Government next proceeded to take most of their property—at least as far as the peasants were concerned. They issued an Internal Loan, and in return for a credit note, of little value I imagine in the case of national defeat, took a man's ox, if he had but one ox, and his team of oxen, if he were prosperous to that extent. They took his carts, his hay, barley, oats and flour, and any other thing which might be stored in his barn and might be useful to an army in action. In this general requisition nothing was left but the women and children, the old grandfathers, the wolf-like house dogs and the foreign Jews.

I pitied from my heart those forlorn women left behind in the lonely villages, in the desolate farmsteads, and in the fields abandoned by their husbandmen. But I think my pity was quite thrown away. The women did not pity themselves. They made the great sacrifice without a murmur, almost without tears. They gave their

husbands and their boys to the fatherland, not unwillingly, but with a quiet courage, and full-hearted enthusiasm. They knew that they might never see those men and boys again. To thousands of homes in Bulgaria there will be no joyful return when the war ends. But the women, with the full knowledge that their mates, and those born of their flesh, might not come back sent them forward to the front as simply as though they were going to gather grapes in the vineyard. I believe that if any men had shirked their duty, they would have been torn to pieces by their own women. A coward would have had a safer time in the trenches.

At Novi Zagora I met two men who had stayed behind, not because they were cowards, but because in their youth they had been too delicate to serve their time with the colors. One of the men spoke French and he told me that he and his comrade were the most miserable men in the world. As they passed through the streets of their own town, the women taunted them and the children jeered. They were making desperate efforts to get to the front.

King Ferdinand was more lucky than many sovereigns and rulers of state whose diplomatic ambitions and military adventures are not supported by the enthusiasm of their people. Those peasants were merely puppets who danced when he pulled the wires, but they were puppets who liked the tune to which they danced. They were eager for the war with Turkey. To a man they rallied to the flag with eager enthusiasm. It was the most popular war in modern history. That reason above all others was the secret of the Bulgarian victories. These peasant soldiers wanted to fight and they fought with almost joyous disregard of death.

Why they wanted to fight is not

so clear to me. I do not believe it was a really passionate hatred of the Turk which inspired them. In all Bulgarian towns there are many Turks, who for the most part are honest, well-behaved people and with whom their Christian neighbors live on the most friendly terms. For the individual Turk the Bulgarian soldier seemed to have no hostile feeling. But he had a traditional and inherited hatred of the Turkish Government. He remembered old tales of massacre and oppression. And all the poetry of his own Christian faith, something of the old chivalry of the Crusaders, was stirred in his heart when the Cross was raised against the Crescent. It put a glamor over the ugliness of war. It gave an apparent righteousness to the killing of men. It enabled the Bulgarians to fight not in a squalid way, for low motives of greed or jealousy, but for an ideal, expressed through the centuries in the national songs of Bulgaria—so mournful in their cry against the oppression of the Turk—and in fireside tales, and religious legends.

It is one of the few wars in which a nation has been persuaded rightly or wrongly of the holiness of their cause. These Bulgarian soldiers believed that God was on their side. That was worth another army corps to King Ferdinand and his politicians. For, as the world now knows, the peasant soldiers flung themselves at the enemy with a fanatical courage. Unused to the rifle, more confident of the knife, they would hardly be restrained from those bayonet charges which won victory after victory—at frightful cost. They charged in the face of artillery which few other armies in the world would have withstood, and rushed the Turkish trenches with a desperate valor, and over the piled corpses of their comrades.

Here again King Ferdinand and his

generals were lucky. For without such individual heroism their plan of campaign could not have been carried out, in spite of all the masterly organization that had preceded it. They had staked everything upon a quick war. Their financial arrangements depended upon a swift and short campaign.

"We must break the neck of the job in three weeks, and then we must hurry the finish."

That information was given to me quite seriously by several officers. It seemed to be their watchword. I heard it repeated, in Sofia, in Stara-zagora, in Mustafa Pasha, on the hills outside Adrianople.

"We have got to be quick," said the Bulgarians, and their speed astonished the world.

But the speed had to be paid for. It was paid for in blood. And this is a secret of the Bulgarian victories which has been well kept. How much was the price? They hid the figures, jealously, from military attachés, from newspaper correspondents, from the nation. Never in any one of the official bulletins was any inkling given as to the number of dead and wounded. They were simply not mentioned. It was sufficient that there had been another victory. From first to last no lists were issued. No woman in Bulgaria was allowed to know whether her man or her boy was alive or dead.

It seemed to me that the secrecy was too cruel. I ventured to say as much to a military officer in high command at head-quarters, and his answer was worth remembering.

"It is cruel, but it is necessary. We do not wish to dishearten the people by publishing the number of their losses. Afterwards there will be time enough for tears."

Time enough for tears! Yes, there are tears now in Bulgaria when a

"semi-official" statement has been published that the loss in dead and wounded amounts, approximately, to 70,000. It seems a heavy price for victory, but I believe that if all the Bulgarian corpses were counted the price would be heavier still. The Bulgarians have turned a blind eye to many of their dead.

For a secret of the Bulgarian victories is slowly leaking out, revealed by war-correspondents whose despatches were censored and mutilated, but who are now unmuzzled at home. Those victories were so expensive in human life, that in spite of their rapidity they almost failed in their effect. The great battle of Lule Burgas shattered the grand army of the Turks, sent it in wild and disorderly retreat to the last lines of defence, but the Bulgarians had lost so many men, had sustained such frightful damage, that they were utterly unable to follow up their victory and to pursue their enemy. If they had not been so spent, in men, in ammunition and in spirit, they could have cut off the retreat so that the retreating Turks could never have reached the lines of Chatalja; they could have shattered them piecemeal as they fled in broken divisions and rabble battalions, starving, plague-stricken, bleeding from their wounds, broken, and hopeless; and Constantinople itself would have fallen into the hands of the allied armies.

But this was impossible to the Bulgarians. Like sprinters in a race they had run themselves out. When they were able to advance again they then found the lines of Chatalja strongly held. The retreating army had been given time to pull itself together—those who had escaped from all the horrors of the road, and from the cholera which lay in ambush for them—and reinforcements were pouring up from Asia Minor. It was only a truce

and not a triumph which rewarded the Bulgarians for their desperate valor.

Nevertheless, when all the secrets are out, nothing may minimize the glory of their achievement. Nothing may ever lessen the masterly genius by which King Ferdinand and his generals carried out their plan of campaign. For though they have not driven the Turk out of Europe they have liberated large territories from his dominion and once for all have smashed the bogey of the terrible Turk as a great and menacing military power.

It may almost be said, without attempting the folly of paradox, that the victory was gained before the war began. While the Turkish armies were being sent to the front during a reign of terrible disorganization at headquarters, sent to fight without food, without field hospitals or medical equipment, even without sufficient ammunition, when the trail of corruption was seen in the commissariat, in the ordnance department, and in the shoddy khaki of the troops, the Bulgarian organization was in all departments, admirable and complete. I never ceased to admire the magnificent transport service by which the troops, the guns and the provisions were passed up to the front with those league-long convoys of bullock wagons, which in spite of their slowness, went steadily and surely on, in the wake of the great armies, so that few if any Bulgarian soldiers went hungry into battle, or stayed hungry in the trenches. They were well-fed, well-clothed and well-armed. On the whole, they were well doctored. At least the agony of the wounded men was not so utterly uncared for as on the Turkish side of the war, and though they suffered intolerably in the Red Cross wagons which jolted many of them to death before they reached the Red Cross trains, there were skilful sur-

geons and many brave and devoted nurses, who did valiant service.

Bulgaria justified her challenge to Turkey and won the stakes in this game of deadly hazards. After all that I have said about the secrets of her victories one fact stands out, the heroic spirit of a people animated by

The British Review.

a common purpose, inspired by a passionate ideal, irresistible in courage and noble in self-sacrifice. From Bulgarian peasants England need not be too proud to learn a lesson. I wonder—should we do so well?

Philip Gibbs.

(Special Correspondent of "The Graphic" with the Bulgarian Army.)

FRENCH MILITARY AVIATION IN 1912.

The experimental period of military aviation is terminated. All the military and naval powers of the world that were still hesitating in 1911 have now adopted the aeroplane as an instrument of war. Last March the French War Minister placed a Permanent Inspector at the head of all the aeronautic and aviation services. The organization of the French Fourth Arm then created was made very elastic in view of the rapid development it was destined to receive. However, it is interesting to note that the 344 avions provided for in the budget of 1912 were divided into squadrons each comprising 8 avions. It was estimated that to man the 344 aerial craft, and to utilize them to the best advantage in war, the effective force of the aviation corps should be at least 234 officer pilots, 110 non-commissioned officer pilots, 210 officer observers, 42 mechanicians, 1600 corporals and men of the military engineering corps, and 550 simple soldiers, to be employed in untechnical work. The number of officers and men required for such a comparatively small fleet of avions may seem considerable, but it must be remembered that each of the campaigning squadrons and each of the squadrons attached to the garrisons of fortified towns is provided with eleven or twelve automobiles, comprising tractors, workshop

vans, aeroplane vans, a swift automobile for the conveyance of officers, &c. Those persons who visited the recent Paris Salon of Aerial Locomotion had the opportunity of examining the War Minister's exhibition, which comprised a complete set of all the vehicles required for each aerial squadron.

After inspecting that material, no military man or aviator will feel astonishment that the aeroplanes in the possession of the Balkan States and Turkey did not achieve all that certain persons expected of them. Indeed, most French experts wonder they accomplished what they did. The aerial craft had only just been purchased, and the military pilots had not had anything like sufficient training. What they knew about flight had been hastily taught them in France, where they had obtained nothing more than the Aero Club's aviation pilot's certificate. With the exception of three or four Greek officers, none of them had had any sort of experience in cross-country flight, and none of the indispensable precautions for transporting and sheltering the machines and for their repair had been taken. In a word, it cannot be said the organization of the military aviation corps of the belligerents was defective, because it did not exist. A few aeroplanes were, so to say, dragged along with the Turkish forces and

with the invading armies, but when their services were required the pilots were for the most part quite unequal to the task set them, and generally the machines, having been transported without the necessary care, stood in need of repair. Often the spare parts wanted had been left behind, and when that was not the case very few of the military aviators were able either to regulate the motor or adjust properly the bearing-surfaces, rudders, steering-gear, &c., to enable the aeroplane to take flight and fulfil the difficult mission intrusted to it. However, in spite of all, some of the aeroplanes belonging to the allies did useful work. The Greek military aviators who had had the longest training in France, and who had practised flight for some three months in their own country, distinguished themselves on several occasions by their scouting and exploring expeditions. They brought back to their headquarters reliable information which was invaluable for the Greek commanders. Bulgarian aeroplanes were seen flying over Adrianople and the Turkish lines of defence at Tchatalja, but in some cases those machines were piloted by professional foreign aviators. They met no antagonist in the air, and that was fortunate, because on reading the exploits of the belligerents' pilots a French professional aviator, who during the last three years has spent many hours in the air every week, declared the want of experience of almost all the military pilots attached to the belligerent armies in the Balkans would leave them an easy prey to a really skilful aviator. "Without being armed I could with my machine have disposed of half a dozen of them in no time by blowing them down," was his concluding remark.

The number of avions in the hands of the French military authorities at the end of 1912 cannot be estimated

with perfect correctness, because a considerable portion of the money resulting from the National Subscription in favor of Military Aviation has not yet been employed, and on account of a large amount being used not to buy aeroplanes but in the purchase of land for the creation of military aviation centres, the construction of aeroplane sheds, and also in the training of military aviation pilots. However, although provision was made in the budget for only 344 avions, it may be taken for granted the French army has at the present moment a fleet of close on 500 aerial craft. Those avions are distributed among the twenty or more military aviation centres created in various parts of the country, and more especially round Paris and in the east and north of France. Each of those centres naturally possesses a depot of gasoline and oil, and a workshop for the repair of avions.

The officers and men composing the French aviation corps are recruited from all the other branches of the Service, and continue to wear the uniform of the respective regiments from which they were drawn, and to which they may return. But while serving in the aviation corps they wear a distinctive badge, and enjoy special advantages. For instance, they are paid on the same scale as officers and men engaged in active service in the field. In the case of a fatal accident, the widow receives the same pension as the widow of a man killed in battle, and the time spent in the aviation corps counts for promotion the same as time spent in campaigning.

The recruitment of aviation pilots has occupied, and still occupies, the serious attention of Colonel Hirschauer, the Permanent Inspector, who is responsible for all the aerial forces of France. There is no lack of volunteers, and almost any one can learn to steer an aeroplane, but every man

does not possess the necessary qualities and physical aptitudes required for the making of a really good aviator. Till now a somewhat arbitrary selection has been made from among the volunteers. The young officer or non-commissioned officer who may have had the good fortune to be chosen has generally no great difficulty in obtaining the Aero Club's Aviation Certificate. In the case of his failing to do so, he is sent back to his regiment. This method of selection has proved sufficient for the time being, but many competent persons, and among them Doctor Reymond, Senator and aviator, consider that in view of the great number of aviation pilots who will be required, other means of recruiting them should be adopted. Doctor Reymond proposes that all the officers and non-commissioned officers who volunteer to serve in the aviation corps should be given a short period of instruction in flight, and then be sent back to their respective regiments. Subsequently, in proportion, as more and more pilots will be required to man the ever-increasing number of military avions, those men who during their apprenticeship may have shown they possess in the highest degree the requisite qualities and physical aptitudes could be selected and definitively attached to the aviation corps.

That method has not yet been adopted by the military authorities, probably because they must be well aware that in a near future it will be impossible for the French Army to dispense with the services in their regiments of a sufficient number of officers to pilot all the military aeroplanes. However that may be, Doctor Reymond, in his double capacity of Senator and President of the National Military Aviation Committee, has succeeded in getting hold of a certain number of young men who have not yet served their term under the colors,

and who are anxious to do so in the aviation corps. By an arrangement with the leading aeroplane constructors he is furnishing them the means to satisfy their ambition. The National Aviation Committee pay a stipulated price for the training of the young men, who must not content themselves with the Aero Club's Aviation Certificate, but, in order to secure incorporation in the aviation corps when they are summoned to perform their term of military service, they must have captured the Superior Military Aviation Certificate. The tests imposed on a candidate for that certificate are severe. He is required to accomplish: 1st, an aerial voyage of not less than 150 kilometres (93 miles), in a straight line, without intermediate stoppage, and a return journey under the same conditions on the same or another day; 2nd, a triangular aerial voyage of 200 kilometres (124 miles), with the same aeroplane, within two days at most. In the course of that voyage the candidate must make two landings at spots previously indicated. The shortest side of the triangle should not measure less than 20 kilometres (12½ miles). At least one-third of that aerial voyage of 124 miles has to be covered by the candidate at an altitude not inferior to 800 metres (2625 feet).

At the end of 1912 some 200 aviators, who, with few exceptions, belong to the active army, had gained the Superior Military Aviation Certificate. The others are either professional aviators or men belonging to the Reserves or the Territorial forces. At the end of November the French Aero Club had issued 1175 Aviation Pilot's Certificates. In that total are comprised a considerable number of certificates gained by civilian foreigners and foreign officers and non-commissioned officers sent by their respective Governments to France to learn to pilot the avions purchased by them

from French aeroplane constructors. The number of French military men capable of steering an aeroplane is nevertheless already fairly large, and fresh batches of military pupils are constantly being sent to the various aviation schools. The duration of the apprenticeship varies considerably, according to the aptitudes of the pupil, and also according to the weather, because, although the professor can fly with his pupil beside or behind him in very rough weather, it is useless for him to do so at least at the commencement of an apprenticeship, because a beginner cannot profit by a lesson given in high wind. On an average, the apprenticeship resulting in the pupil passing the examination for the Aero Club's Aviation Pilot's Certificate lasts about two months; but certain men possessing special aptitudes for flight have captured not only the Aero Club's certificate, but also the Superior Military Aviation Certificate, in six weeks. An apprenticeship of two months may at first sight appear long; but experience has shown that, on an average, a man requires to spend three hours in the air with his professor, and during the greater portion of that time he must be holding the duplicate steering-gear, and thus feeling the motion given it by his master, before he can be trusted to pilot the aeroplane alone. And then he must practise flight alone before he can describe the figure eight in the air and land in a circular space having a diameter of 100 metres (328 feet), which is indispensable to obtain the ordinary Aviation Pilot's Certificate issued by the French Aero Club. Moreover, it is useless to seek to hurry over the apprenticeship by quickly repeated flights, because it has been found necessary to leave a considerable interval between each lesson, in order to give time for the pupil to ponder over the various means he has

seen and felt his professor employ to cause the aeroplane to rise off the ground into the air, to maintain its horizontal and lateral stability, and lastly, and above all, to land safely.

In the middle of the month of November ninety-nine volunteers to serve in the aviation corps were selected. Of the new recruits, over 50 per cent were non-commissioned officers or simple soldiers, the others being captains, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants. The choice made by the Permanent Inspector indicates a consciousness that the place of the officer on a scouting or exploring avion, except in the case of a mono-seated aeroplane, is not in the pilot's seat, but in that of the military observer. One of the weak points of French military aviation was the pilot's almost complete ignorance of practical mechanics. The motor is the heart of the avion, yet the number of military pilots capable of regulating an aviation engine was small, and there were very few who could take the motor to pieces to discover and replace a defective or broken part. It is true skilled military mechanicians were attached to every squadron of 8 avions, but the pilot should, in the case of a breakdown of his engine in the course of a cross-country flight, be at least able to use the spare parts he carries with him on his machine to tinker up the motor sufficiently to permit of his safe return to camp. The French aviation authorities are seeking to remedy that unsatisfactory state of things. After undergoing successfully the tests of his capacity to pilot the avion mentioned above, the candidate for the Superior Military Aviation Certificate is subjected to an examination on aviation motors in general, and on the means of discovering the cause of a breakdown and of remedying it.

Though the French Fourth Arm may be still described as yet in its infancy, the immense progress which has been

made, both in its organization and in the avions it has at its disposal, were strikingly manifested at the Autumn Manœuvres. In 1910, the first year they figured in the sham fighting, some half a dozen aeroplanes carried despatches and did a little elementary scouting. The following year the twenty military avions rendered signal services in scouting, &c., and demonstrated the invaluable assistance they could render artillery by procuring precise data on which the gunners could rectify their fire when the spot aimed at was hidden from their view by intervening obstacles. The performances of the sixty military avions employed at the last Grand Autumn Manœuvres fully justified the prediction that the aeroplane would constitute an almost ideal means of scouting, exploration, and despatch-carrying, and that it would become an indispensable auxiliary for artillery. In 1910 and in 1911 the military aviators at the manœuvres wore a white band round the left arm, and acted, so to say, *hors cadre*. They landed anywhere without caring whether they were on the territory of friends or enemies, and then started off when they chose with the consent, and even aid, of the enemy. They were, so to say, neutralized. This year, for the first time, each of the sixty military pilots wore the badge of the army to which he belonged. In the case of descending on hostile territory he was liable to capture. That was a long stride forward, but it was insufficient as a demonstration of the part the aeroplane is destined to play in real warfare.

If the soldiers manning the aerial craft were liable to capture on land, they were nevertheless, so to say, neutralized in the air. The aviators had nothing to fear from the rifle or artillery fire directed against them, and, what is more, a military pilot of, say,

the Blue Army coming into close proximity with an avion belonging to the White Army (the hostile force), took no notice whatever of the encounter. It is evident that in the case of real hostilities the pilots and passengers carried by the two avions would have engaged in aerial combat with the object of seeking to prevent valuable information reaching the enemy. One or perhaps both the aerial craft might have been destroyed, or at least disabled and brought to the ground. Nevertheless, they however, each and all, went their way, and the commanders of the respective armies utilized all the information they brought back to headquarters. This defective method may have been admissible, because, till now, all the aerial craft employed at the manœuvres have been simply unarmed scouting and exploring aeroplanes.

In the execution of that task of exploration and scouting the military pilots showed they had gained immensely by the experience of the last twelve months, and that the avions they now have in their hands are infinitely more reliable than those they formerly possessed. No serious accident occurred either during the manœuvres or during the concentration of the aerial force for the sham fighting or during the return of the avions to their respective military aviation centres. Without taking into account the long aerial voyages made to reach and return from the region selected for the manœuvres, the military authorities calculate, from the quantity of gasoline consumed, that during the nine days' sham fighting the sixty avions participating in it covered at least 44,000 kilometres (27,280 miles). Forty-nine of those aeroplanes were employed in active service in the field, and eleven were held in reserve. Of the former, thirty-eight suffered no sort of damage, five were completely

wrecked without their pilots and passengers being seriously injured, and the six others were so slightly damaged that they were repaired on the spot within a delay varying between one and three days. M. Millerand, the War Minister, was so satisfied with this result that at the review of seventy-five avions held at Villacoublay immediately after the termination of the sham fighting, he congratulated Colonel Hirschauer most warmly on it, and praised the military pilots for their intelligent and prudent zeal. The condition of the atmosphere at this ceremony was far from propitious for the flight of artificial birds, yet before he left Villacoublay M. Millerand gave the signal for the dislocation of the aerial force. In a few minutes the majority of the avions were in the air returning to their respective aviation centres, and at nightfall only five, of which the motors refused to work, were left on the review ground. In connection with this review and the manœuvres which had preceded it, Colonel Hirschauer calculated that even in the first four months of 1912—that is to say, during the winter and early spring—the French military aviators covered in the air more than 400,000 kilometres (248,000 miles)—that is to say, they travelled a distance equal to ten times round the earth. No official estimate has been made of the distance flown by the French military pilots in the other eight months of 1912, but with the greatly increased number of avions and pilots, and the more propitious summer and autumn weather, it must have been formidable.

It is most encouraging to be able to state that, notwithstanding the immense augmentation in the length and duration of flights in 1912, the increase in the number of aeroplane accidents in France, entailing serious injury or death to pilots and passengers, is proportionately much smaller than in 1911.

In the long speech Colonel Hirschauer made on 27th June last in the Chamber of Deputies, in the quality of Government Commissary, he stated that in the second half of 1911 nine military aviators met with fatal accidents. At that moment there were 120 military aviation pilots who during the six months had travelled in the air a distance of about 300,000 kilometres (186,000 miles). The statistics of the first six months of 1912 show the number of military aviation pilots had increased to 250—that is to say, to more than double those existing at the end of 1911. The 250 aviators had, between 1st January and 30th June 1912, according to Colonel Hirschauer's calculations, covered in the air the extraordinary distance of 650,000 kilometres (403,897 miles). The number of fatal accidents was the same as during the last six months of 1911, but the distance flown was more than double. Consequently the accidents had diminished proportionately more than 50 per cent. That great decrease is undoubtedly owing both to the greater skill of the pilots and, perhaps not least, to the many important improvements introduced into the military avions, as well as to the greater reliability of the motors employed.

The sudden and unexpected development given aviation at the hydro-aeroplane competition held at Monaco last April is of the utmost importance from a naval point of view. A couple of months before it opened, the only hydro-aeroplanes which could be said to exist were Voisin's "Canard" (Duck) and the Curtiss machine built in America. Yet two aquatic artificial birds constructed in France by two brothers of English birth carried off the first and second prizes, while in addition to the Voisin and Curtiss machines two other French-built hydro-aeroplanes figured very honorably in the competition. In the month of

August no fewer than twelve hydro-aeroplanes were entered for the three days' competition at Saint Malo, which culminated in the cross-sea flight from Saint Malo to Jersey and back to the French port. Too many accidents occurred during the three days' flights, but they proved that a fall into the sea is much less dangerous than a fall on land. The Monaco and Saint Malo meetings, however, did more to draw attention to the problems connected with hydro-aerial navigation than to solve them. They are extremely complex, because the hydro-aerial craft has to navigate both on the surface of the water and in the air. At the present moment the hydro-aeroplanes can be divided into two categories—the flying boat and the floating aeroplane. The former has bearing-surfaces fixed on a boat-like body, whereas the latter is an aeroplane provided with two and generally three floats, to prevent it from sinking when it descends on the water, instead of the ordinary two or more wheels for descent on land. It is noteworthy that all the six hydro-aeroplanes which won prizes at the Saint Malo competition were provided with two floats, and generally with a third placed under the tail of the flying apparatus. Nevertheless it would be rash to condemn the flying boat on that account, because if the hydro-aeroplanes on that occasion had been obliged to descend on the open sea instead of on comparatively calm water in ports, all of them would surely have been swamped.

The fact that none of the hydro-aeroplanes which competed at St. Malo could have lived on a rough sea has inspired the invention of improved floats and "monocoques." Many of them were exhibited in the Salon of Aerial Locomotion held in Paris at the end of October and in the beginning of November. The "monocoque" or flying

boat was most strikingly represented in that show by a veritable hydro-aeroplane furnished with a pair of monoplane wings and an additional bearing-surface in front, just behind the four-bladed propeller. Attached to each side of the boat is a wide float destined not only to support a portion of the weight of the machine on the water, but also to prevent it from capsizing. This hydro-aeroplane invented by Bréguet is driven by a 120-h.p., Canton Unné motor. The building of this aerial vessel, as it may fitly be called, having been completed only just before the opening of the Salon, its capacity to navigate on the sea and in the air had not been tested before it was exhibited on the official stand of the Minister of Marine by whom it had been ordered. The contract for the machine stipulates it must travel 1000 kilometres (621 miles) without stopping, at a speed of at least 140 kilometres (87 miles) an hour. The hydro-aeroplanes which best represented in the Salon the type provided with floats were those which respectively carried off the first prize at the Monaco and Saint Malo competitions, but the form, the size, and the position of the floats have been modified and greatly improved.

It would be useless at the present stage of the invention to attempt to pronounce on the respective advantages and disadvantages of the two types of hydro-aeroplanes. It is pretty sure that, like the monoplane and biplane, each of them will be able to render different services. However that may be, hydro-aeroplanes seem destined to be used for coast defence, reconnoitring far out to sea from naval ports and arsenals, and to be carried on board ship for reconnoitring if need in mid-ocean. They will undoubtedly constitute a new formidable weapon of offensive and defensive warfare. It will probably be found ad-

visible, if not indispensable, to furnish the hydro-aeroplanes employed in coast defence and for reconnoitring from ports with wheels as well as floats, to enable them to descend on land in case of need. Those carried on board ship will probably not require wheels for starting off the deck, as they could be let down on the sea by means of a crane, unless a practical method of launching them into the air is invented. An ordinary aeroplane can take flight off the deck of a vessel without any great risk, but it is almost impossible to provide for its safe return. In perfectly calm weather a landing on the deck might be effected by an exceptionally skilful pilot, but the slightest rolling or tossing of the ship would make the operation virtually impossible. Whether the hydro-aeroplane be provided with wheels or not, its departure from the deck of a vessel would certainly never present greater difficulty than that of an ordinary aeroplane, and on returning after fulfilling its mission it would, even with a rough sea, always find water sufficiently free from breakers on the lee side of the vessel to enable it to alight on it without being swamped. There is no reason why a ship carrying aeroplanes should not have on board a floating platform or raft which could be let down on the sea, and on which the hydro-aeroplane could be steered by its pilot. Being made fast on the platform, the aerial craft could be hoisted to its place on deck. It may be that even simpler means of hoisting the hydro-aeroplane off the sea without the use of a floating platform will be invented. As an aeroplane ship need not be a fighting vessel, the number of aerial craft it could transport would be considerable.

It therefore follows that the distance separating the coasts of two hostile naval powers does not any longer ensure the safety of their naval ports

and the shipping in them against the attack of the enemy's aerial craft. Carried on board ship to the scene of action, the hydro-aeroplanes could take flight, and by dropping explosives play a most important part in a naval action or in an attack on ships at anchor, or, again, on ports which they could bombard from the air. To provide against all eventualities, it is therefore necessary for a naval power to be prepared to repel attacks which, in case of war, would be made on its naval forces by aerial vessels of all sorts—dirigibles and aeroplanes. The Continental Powers are not neglecting the study of aerial warfare. In the case of Great Britain failing to keep pace with them and of suffering defeat in the air, her mighty Dreadnoughts, &c., might be so crippled by explosives rained down on them from the enemy's dirigibles and aeroplanes that a fleet transporting an invading army might find an opportunity to reach the English coast.

One of the avions employed at the French Autumn Manœuvres was provided with a wireless telegraphic apparatus, which rendered very remarkable services, but none of them was either armor-plated or armed. The Permanent Inspector of Military Aviation is not, however, neglecting the study of the many complex problems connected with war in the air. Indeed, one of the principal results of the recent sham-fighting in France was the clear demonstration of the urgent necessity to provide military aeroplanes with defensive and offensive weapons. The French Government already possesses a fair number of avions armed with quick-firing guns, and at the Salon of Aerial Locomotion, which was essentially a military show, several of the most renowned aeroplane constructors exhibited armor-plated machines armed with Hotchkiss guns. Others exhibited apparatuses for bomb-

dropping, with instruments destined to ensure the correctness of aim from almost any altitude. It is needless to say those apparatuses and instruments are not perfect, but since the award of the first year's Michelin Aero-Target prize to Mr. Scott in the month of August last, numerous inventors have sought to solve the problem of accurate aim in bomb-dropping. The result of their efforts will be seen during the competition for the Michelin Aero-Target prize of 1913. It may be taken for granted it will be yet more satisfactory than that obtained in 1912, when the successful competitor for the £2000 prize dropped twelve out of fifteen projectiles, each weighing 7 kilogrammes 100 grammes (about 15½ lbs.) on a circular target having a diameter of 20 metres (65 feet 8 inches) from an altitude of 200 metres (656 feet). The £1000 prize for the dropping of bombs from the height of 800 metres (2625 feet) was not awarded. This competition was considered so important that it was controlled by the French military authorities, who provided the projectiles, traced the target on the military manoeuvring-field at Camp de Châlons, and constructed the necessary shelter for the Aero Club and military controllers. They have undertaken to do the same in 1913.

The armor-plating of military avions is destined to protect, as far as possible, not only the pilot and passengers, but the vital parts of the machine. In most cases it consists either of a steel plate or of two thin steel plates with a fibre mattress between them. It is placed under the seats of the aviators, and extended under the motor and round the body of the avion to protect the persons and motor against rifle fire from the earth beneath them, and from fire from hostile avions navigating at a height not superior to that of the aerial craft. The propeller is left unprotected, as are also the bear-

ing-surfaces, which, however, might be riddled with bullets without entailing the immediate fall of the aeroplane. The armament of avions must depend on the weight they can carry. It is therefore needless to speak of mono-seated aeroplanes as fighting craft. However, the French military authorities possess a large number of double-seated avions propelled by 70 and 80 h.p. motors of various descriptions, which, in addition to their own weight, can safely transport 350 kilogrammes (770 lbs.) In that total is included the pilot and passenger (military observer or gunner), weighing on an average at least 75 kilogrammes each, or a total of 150 kilogrammes (330 lbs.) The weight of the gasoline and lubricating oil varies, of course, according to the length of the voyage to be undertaken. Roughly speaking, the two types of 70 and 80 h. p. motors, with which the majority of the French military aeroplanes are furnished, consume from 30 to 35 litres of gasoline and from 2 to 7 litres of lubricating oil an hour, according to the type of motor—rotary or stationary. As the litre of gasoline weighs about 700 grammes, the weight for the hour's flight would be from 21 to 24 kilogrammes, 500 grammes for the gasoline and from 2 to 7 kilogrammes or rather less for the oil, or a total varying between 23 and 31½ kilogrammes (50½ and 69¼ lbs.) Supposing the speed of the avion to be 80 kilometres (50 miles) an hour, and the weight of the fuel, &c., consumed to be only 50 lbs., the machine would have to be laden with 150 lbs. of gasoline, &c., for a flight of three hours, in which time it would cover in the air 150 miles. Of course, the distance on the earth would be proportionately greater or less, according to the strength of the favorable or adverse wind. On the other hand, if, with the, say, 70 lbs. consumption of gasoline and lubricating oil per hour,

the avion travelled at a speed of 60 miles an hour, the distance covered in the air in three hours would be 180 miles, and the weight of the gasoline, &c., required would be 210 lbs. The pilot and gunner weighing together about 330 lbs., the margin left for the transport of war material would consequently be in the first case 290 lbs. and in the second 230 lbs., which is evidently insufficient for a fighting avion.

Though fighting avions must therefore carry heavy loads, it is difficult to foresee what dimensions they will assume. Indeed many factors enter into the problem of the carrying capacity of the bearing-surfaces, and amongst them is that of the speed of the flying apparatus, the increase of which cannot be obtained to any very large extent without a more powerful motor, naturally heavy and consuming an increasingly large quantity of gasoline compared with the augmentation of the speed it can impart to the machine. At the present moment rotary motors of 160 and 200 h.p. exist. The French army, however, possesses but few of them, because even the 160-h.p. engine had not till recently been made sufficiently reliable. Moreover, it would appear that with 160 or 200 h.p. the rotary motor has reached the limit at which it can be employed with safety on flying machines such as they are made to-day. The stationary air-cooled motor permits of greater development, but the space it occupies is a drawback which has induced inventors to turn their attention to water-cooled aviation engines. Speed itself has, moreover, its inconveniences, if not while the aeroplane is in the air, at least when the machine returns to earth. Among the other factors of the problem of the carrying capacity of the bearing-surfaces are their form and position. In the existing aeroplanes that capacity varies between 12 to 30 kilogrammes ($26\frac{1}{2}$ to 66 lbs.) per

square metre ($10\frac{1}{4}$ square feet).

If increased carrying capacity is required for fighting avions, it is also important for the aeroplanes it is proposed to employ in the sanitary service of the army. Till now the French military authorities have not adopted any of the various projects submitted to it with that object in view, but it facilitated the experiments made by Doctor Reymond during the French Autumn Manœuvres. The Senator aviator belonging to the territorial army was authorized to use his aeroplane to seek the wounded on the field of battle. Groups of men and isolated soldiers had been left to represent them. Some were clustered together under trees, others were hidden behind hedges, &c., but Doctor Reymond succeeded in discovering them all. On one occasion he returned to camp rather cast down because, though he had explored the whole district where the sham fighting had taken place, he had failed to find any of the supposed wounded men. He was, however, soon consoled by the information that no men had been left on the field. The result of the experiment was so encouraging that the Minister of War, knowing well that so many brave wounded men are often left on the battlefield for many hours, and sometimes for days, before they are discovered by the medical exploring parties, is, with the Chief of the Military Sanitary Service, studying the question of a flying search corps which would, almost immediately after the fighting, indicate to the Ambulance Corps the exact spots where the wounded are lying.

On its side the French Red Cross Society is examining the project submitted to it by Major Perret of the 99th Regiment of Infantry, for the utilization of aeroplanes in the evacuation of at least the most seriously wounded soldiers. Major Perret does not propose to send aeroplanes to the battle-

field, but to hold them in readiness at the field ambulances. It is only after their wounds have been summarily dressed that he would place the men on aeroplanes which could transport them rapidly and without any sort of jolting to hospitals in the rear, where they could be at once properly attended to. He contends that many valuable lives would be thus saved. Some of the most capable aeroplane constructors have assured Major Perret they could build machines to transport four wounded men in a lying position. That being the case, and as the ordinary ambulance wagon does not travel at an average of more than four miles an hour under favorable conditions, Major Perret calculates that one aeroplane could do the work of several ambulance cars, even were they automobiles. Moreover, the wounded men would be spared the long and painful journey, often lasting many hours. Indeed, in half an hour an aeroplane carrying four wounded soldiers could cover a distance of at least 25 miles, whereas an ordinary ambulance wagon conveying the same number of men in the same lying position would take about six hours! Allowing half an hour for unloading, &c., the aeroplane could make the voyage five times, and transport twenty wounded men in the time the ordinary ambulance car would occupy in transporting its first load of four soldiers! The ambulance car would then occupy another five hours to return for a second batch of wounded. The French Red Cross Society has promised to assist

Blackwood's Magazine.

Major Perret in making a practical demonstration of his project.

Without going into particulars concerning the composition of the French fleet of dirigibles, which is to be reinforced considerably, it is undeniably insignificant compared with that of Germany. However, the French feel confidence in their avions for the destruction of all aerial Dreadnoughts in case of war. The means of wrecking them have been and are still being studied most seriously, and various projectiles destined to be dropped from aeroplanes on them, or fired from avions at them, have been examined with care. Considerable secrecy is observed on this important matter. So far as it is at the present moment possible to foresee, a dirigible sent on a mission in war-time will require to be protected against the attack of aeroplanes not only by the guns and projectiles it may carry, but by avions, whose duty it would be to drive off the enemy's aerial craft heavier than air. However that may be, it is certain the French do not view without anxiety the strenuous efforts of their former foes not only to increase the already formidable advance they possess in dirigibles, but also to equal, if not surpass, them in military aviation. The Germans are said to have already trained 300 military aviators, whereas France possesses 550 or 600. The difference in favor of the French is thus still considerable, especially as their pilots are much more experienced than the German military aviators.

T. F. Farman.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANÇOIS.

PART II CHAPTER II.

Shroton Fair was over. The proprietors of the merry-go-rounds had jour-

neyed away on the evening of the last day to pitch their camp on the waste ground outside some larger village, there to make fresh profits before re-

turning home. Some of the gipsy vans, too, had disappeared, but the more respectable of the stall-holders were glad to remain in their actual quarters for the night to rest and recuperate before continuing their travels.

"Well, we've done a good bit o' business to-week," remarked Zachary, locking the tin money box after completing the tale of its contents. "Woodbury Hill was good but I d' 'low Shroton's been better. Ye've a-brought me luck, my dear! Why, we was regular cleared out o' goods. If Fair had lasted a day longer us shouldn't ha' had nothin' to sell."

Honesty nodded without speaking; then raising her arms above her head, she gave a little weary stretch.

"I d' 'low you'm reg'lar tired out, though," said her husband solicitously. "Talkin' about the Fun o' the Fair, there's not much fun for folks what makes their livin' by 'em."

"I suppose ye've never been on a round-about, Zachary," said Honesty. "There, I should just about ha' liked a ride on one o' them little harses! But no matter how many fairs we do go to there'll never be time for that. I'll allus be too busy sellin'."

"Well, fancy me bein' so foolish as not to think o' that!" exclaimed Short remorsefully. "'Tis but nait'ral as ye should ha' wanted to try the roundabouts at your age—wi' me bein' a staid wold feller 'tis different! But I could easy ha' let ye off for half-an-hour if it had but crossed my mind. Ye could ha' tried them all in that time—the roundabouts, and the swing-boats, and the helter-skelter.—Bide a bit, though, the helter-skelter's here yet. Come along, and we'll see if we can't find the owner. He'll not be a-bed, I don't think—and if he's down at the public I'll ferret him out. I'm—I'm blowed if ye shan't have a little bit o' fun so late as it is. Better late than never!"

"Oh, Zachary, would ye?" exclaimed Honesty, half-delighted, half-reluctant. "But won't the man think it queer? And I don't know as I'd like to have ye to fetch him out of the public-house."

"Now pop on your hat, little 'ooman, and don't let's have any hangin' back. You an' me is goin' to try the helter-skelter if I do have to push ye off from the top myself."

It was a warm bright night, with a full moon which brought out every detail of the somewhat fantastic scene: the groups of people standing about their dismantled stalls or sitting on the steps of their caravans, the picketed horses, the spaces formerly occupied by the merry-go-rounds but empty now of all save débris, a deserted shooting gallery or two. Zachary and his wife threaded their way through these until they came to the spot where the helter-skelter reared its imposing-looking tower.

A tall man was leaning against the closed door of this erection, smoking a meditative pipe.

"Hello!" cried Zachary. "Be you the proprietor of this here show, Maister?"

"Looks like it, don't it?" rejoined the other, without removing his pipe.

"Well, I don't know as it do," retorted Zachary. "Door's shut and nobody's so very likely to carry off thik tower in his pocket. Ye mid easy ha' gone off to the village and me or anybody else mid ha' come and stood again' thik wall for the sake of a rest. There mid be somebody a-leanin' up again' my van now an' yet it's me what's the proprietor."

"Oh, there, shut up!" returned the other with a good-humored grin, "I've been talkin' myself hoarse all day and I'm not in the humor for any more argufying."

"See here, neighbor," said Zachary, persuasively, "I don't want no argufying—I did but wish to make sure as thik here helter-skelter did belong

to 'ee. I do want to do a bit o' business wi' ye, d'ye see? My missus here, she is but a young un, and she've never been on a helter-skelter. Us ha' been so busy all day it did never cross my mind to think she'd fancy a ride—but if it isn't too late she'd like one now."

"What, now?" ejaculated the other, taking out his pipe and staring, "at this time o' night? It can't be done. I'm dog tired—just goin' to turn in."

"Five minutes wouldn't kill ye," persisted Zachary. "I'm willing to pay a double price."

"Are ye?" said the man, apparently unmoved.

"Come, now," resumed Zachary, "don't ye be so ill-natured. My little 'ooman have reg'lar set her heart on this ride, and I baint a-going to disappoint her. Will a shillin' do? Come, a shillin'. That's as much as ye'd take off four customers! Ye can't for shame hold back."

"I don't know how it's to be done, though," grumbled the other hesitatingly; "my mate he's gone down-along to the village. It takes two for this job—one to push off at the top and one to ketch hold at the bottom."

"I'll ketch my missus, if that's all," said Short blithely. "Now then, hurry up, my good feller—us'll get through with this job, and then toddle back to bed."

"Well, you're a couple of lunies in my opinion," remarked the proprietor of the helter-skelter, "but hand over that shillin', and ye can have your fancy."

Honesty almost wished that her passing whim had remained ungratified when she was ushered into the stuffy interior of the wooden tower and hauled up the ladder by its owner, who held a lighted match in one hand while he assisted her with the other. Before she had time to breathe after this ascent she was drawn through a

narrow aperture on to a platform and dumped in a sitting position on a small mat; then with the brief ejaculation: "Off you go," and a simultaneous push on the small of her back, she found herself spinning down the inclined gangway which encircled the tower in corkscrew fashion, being received in Zachary's outstretched arms just as she was about to be thrown violently to the ground.

"Well, how did you like it?" cried he, laughing, as he steadied her on her feet.

"I don't know—'twas so quick; I was off before I'd time to think about it."

"Have another turn then and see if it do come up to your fancy."

"Oh, Zachary, I couldn't let ye throw away another shillin'."

"I dare say he'll do it for less the second time," said Zachary, who was prudent as well as tender. "Hi Maister, don't come down for a bit! Will ye give my missis another ride for sixpence?"

"If it was worth a shillin' before it's worth a shillin' now," returned the other. His bearded face was only a blur in the shadow.

"No," said Zachary, "You've unlocked the door, and you'm up there now. The young lady can find her way up by herself. Sixpence or nothin'."

"Very well, then," agreed the showman.

Guided partly by the moon's rays from without, and partly by the flickering light of a match held at the aperture, Honesty again ascended the ladder, her subsequent flight through the air being accompanied by peals of girlish laughter.

"I did like it," she cried ecstatically, as her husband once more caught her in his arms. "'Ees, I did like it just about! 'Twas like flying! I am glad I had that second ride."

Clinging to his arm she laughed and chattered on their way back to the van with a gaiety such as she had not shown during the preceding days, and Zachary, in his good-natured lumbering way, rallied her on her childishness.

"There, I be pure sorry I didn't buy ye a doll for a fairin', or a monkey on a stick! I won't forget next time—an' ye shall have a shy or two at the cocoanuts, and spend a few pence in the shooting galleries."

"'Ees, I'd like to do all that," returned Honesty. "I'm not sure about the doll, though."

She paused with her foot on the lower step of the van.

"I d' 'low you reckon I'm an awful baby."

The big man standing on the ground put his arm round her; their heads were just on a level.

"I am quite satisfied," he said, and kissed her, and Honesty mounted the remaining steps singing for pure blitheness of heart.

Though they were afoot at dawn and only halted once throughout the day, their progress was necessarily so slow that it was almost dusk before they reached Pendleton Farm. Stanley was sent on with his vehicle to Stalbridge, and Honesty had suggested leaving their own van at Sturminster and proceeding on foot to the farm, but Zachary scouted the idea. Prince would want seeing to after his travels, and they themselves would be tired; what would be the use of throwing away money for putting up at an inn and giving themselves the additional two miles' tramp when all could be avoided by a halt in Jonathan Short's yard?

When the van came creaking through the well-known white gate, two or three men's figures emerged from the stables, and Honesty's heart stood still. Only for a moment though, for among the voices which hailed them the fami-

liar tones which she dreaded to hear were absent.

"Now then, what are you doin' here?"

"No gipsy folk allowed on these premises."

"You're pretty cool, you and your van! Ye'll have to clear off out o' this."

"Why, don't ye know me, Bob?" cried Honesty, quickly descending and extending her hand to the last speaker, whose white whiskers, showing even in the dim light, proclaimed his identity. "I'm Honesty—Honesty Cuff that was. I'm married now, an' me an' my husband have come to see Uncle Jonathan."

"You'm kindly welcome, I'm sure," responded the stableman, cordially. "I heard summat about your bein' wed, but I didn't know who to. And so that's your husband?"

He extended a rough hand to Zachary, who shook it warmly. The other men, after staring hard at the newcomers, turned their attention to the van, which they inspected with deep interest.

"Ye'd best unhitch that horse, Ben," cried old Bob, to one of his underlings. "Unhitch en an' give en summat to chaw at"

"Oh, but, p'raps—p'raps Cousin Robert wouldn't be pleased," faltered Honesty, as Ben laid his hand on Prince's bridle.

"Nay, now, that 'ull be all right. Maister Robert 'ud be the last to leave a poor horse standing i' the shafts, but he's away from home and 'ull not be here to find fault anyways."

Honesty's spirits rose with a bound; a certain haunting memory which had overshadowed her when the proposed visit was first mooted and had rendered her tongue-tied during the last hours of the journey was now laid to rest. Cousin Robert was away; she need dread no chance allusions to that

bygone episode, which she could not now recall without shame. She could devote her attention peacefully and naturally to the old man whom, in spite of her forced neglect of late, she so dearly loved.

"How is the master, Bob?" she asked, as she turned towards the house.

"Nothin' to boast of. Ah, he's falterin', poor wold gentleman. He do wander by times. Ye'll find a great change in him."

Honesty's face was serious again, as she preceded her husband into the kitchen.

Old Jonathan, who had been dozing in the chimney corner, raised his head as they entered, and gazed at them at first unrecognizingly; but presently his face lit up:—

"Why, 'tis Honesty, bain't it?" he asked, "Little Honesty Cuff!"

"'Ees, 'tis me sure enough, Uncle," cried she, half laughing and half crying. "But I bain't Honesty Cuff no more. My name's same as your own now—Honesty Shart."

"Why, did Robert marry ye after all?" queried the old man. "Is that what he did go away for? Well, there, I never thought he'd marry ye."

Honesty gasped:—

"No, Uncle, no, dear, to be sure, whatever did put such a notion in your head! Zachary's my husband's name—Zachary Shart—a cousin o' your own, too. He do drive a van, and he've a-got a very good business in the crockery line. Here Zachary! come and let Uncle Jonathan see ye."

She drew Zachary forward as she spoke, keeping her hand on his wrist while the old man stared up at him with his dim blue eyes.

"Zachary Shart," repeated Jonathan vacantly. "He can't be no relation o' mine. I did never set eyes on him before."

He gazed at Zachary's burly person,

knitting his brows in the effort to stimulate memory.

"Do ye mind 'Lias Shart what used to keep a little hardware shop yonder in the town?" inquired Zachary, bending over him: "he was my father."

A sudden light seemd to break in on Jonathan.

"'Lias Shart," he repeated. "Ah, to be sure I mind 'Lias Shart. He were my cousin right enough; him an' me used to go to school together. And so you're 'Lias's son? You don't favor your father."

He spoke placidly, with apparently no recollection of that bygone grudge which had created the division between the two branches of the family; but Zachary's next remark unconsciously recalled that, too.

"No, I'm reckoned to take after my mother," said he; "she was a fine big strappin' 'ooman, they d' say; I can't call her to mind myself."

"Ah, an' was she," rejoined Jonathan. "I never knowed her." Then he broke into a faint chuckle. "'Twas the other maid what 'Lias an' me fell out about. She took up wi' me a'ter she were promised to be, an' in the end she did leave us both i' the lurch. She weren't much good, that huzzy weren't."

"Think o' that now!" ejaculated Zachary, under his breath, "think of my poor father keepin' up a grudge again' his cousin all them years along of a maid what wasn't worth fretting about! The poor wold chap here don't seem to so much as mind her name now, an' if it hadn't ha' been for what Farmer Rideout did say at Shroton, I'd be a-keepin' it up still. There, it do make I feel fair ashamed! Well, 'tis all at an end now—ye needn't be so nervish, little 'ooman—why ye be all of a shake, an' your han's so cold as ice!"

She had retained her unconscious clasp of his wrist and her hand was

indeed cold and clammy; he took it in his own and chafed it, smiling down at her with his kind brown eyes—eyes that were dog-like in their expression of trustful fidelity. The color came back to her cheeks and she returned his glance with one of loving confidence. The clouds were all gone now—Zachary's big, good-humored, generous personality seemed to dominate the place, to the complete exclusion of all that it had held for her of pain and humiliation. This was her husband who loved and would protect her through all that might befall her.

Jonathan was now crouching back in a corner of his big chair, staring at the fire; his niece, bringing forward her own little stool as on the occasion of her last visit, seated herself beside him, and began to tell him of her new life and its circumstances. Gradually his interest awoke; he questioned her, and seemed attentive to her replies.

"I be pure glad to see ye, my dear," he said at length, "and I do think it very kind of your husband to let ye travel so far out of your road to see me. Ye'll be wantin' summat to eat, won't ye? 'Ees, I d' 'low ye'll be hungry w' comin' such a long ways. It must be gettin' on for tea time, but they do never get the meals punctual now."

He cast an anxious glance round as he spoke. "Sally 'ull be comin' in directly," suggested Honesty. "She'll be glad to see me too."

"There, my dear, I'm sorry to tell 'ee poor Sally's gone away for a bit, over to Bourne to a hospital or some such place—a home o' rest they do call it. 'Ees, poor Sally, she did have a real bad turn this autumn, and did have to take to her bed, and Robert he settled for her to go yonder—leastways the Reverend did give Robert a ticket, seeing as there was nobody to look after her here. There is but the dairy-maid left, and Mrs. Tuke from the vil-

lage—she do look in once or twice a day, but there's no comfort i' the place now."

"Let me get tea then, Uncle, I know where to put my hand on everything—w'out there's been changes since I did use to live here. I'd best get it now—we can't stay so very long."

She darted off without waiting for the permission which the old man readily gave. He looked after her, sighing.

"Like a little fairy, isn't she?" he asked Zachary. "'Tis like wold times to see her flittin' about."

In an incredibly short time the meal was prepared; Mrs. Tuke, sauntering in just as Honesty had completed her preparations, gladly withdrew, remarking that she saw she wasn't wanted.

"If I'd had time I'd ha' liked to wash up, myself," said Honesty, looking after her. "I'd ha' liked to put things a bit to rights in there"—she nodded towards the back kitchen—"Dear, the place is in an awful mess!"

"Ah, 'tis a pity you must be off so soon," agreed Jonathan mournfully, "w' Robert away an' all, ye mid ha' stopped the night."

"Well and why shouldn't us stop the night?" said Zachary cheerily. "I be very well off where I be, and there's no particular hurry to get on before to-morrow if we do start fairly early. Honesty can put things a bit straight here first. 'Ees, us can bide if you do like."

"I should jist about think I did like," cried Jonathan, his face lighting up with pleasure. "Robert bein' away too, it'll jist suit."

"'Ees, ye'll have a bed to spare, won't ye?" rejoined Zachary.

"Oh, there's plenty of spare room i' this house," put in Honesty, quickly. "My room what I did use to have—I could just like to sleep there again."

"Well, so ye can, love," said Jonathan.

CHAPTER III.

Honesty had finished washing up and putting things to rights in the scullery, and had announced her intention of rising very early on the following morning to "turn out" the kitchen.

"So soon as I've got the room ready upstairs I'll go to bed," she said, "Zachary 'll be company for you, Uncle, till you're ready—but I suppose you'll not be so very long."

"I'm not in no hurry, my dear," returned he. "Me and your good husband'll smoke our pipes here on each side of the fire, and have a bit of a chat. 'Tis quite a treat for me to have company of an evening. Robert's mostly out as you d' know."

Yet when left alone with his new acquaintance the old man sat gazing at the fire, listening with vague interest to Zachary's remarks till he, too, fell silent. He was indeed content to find himself warm and at ease after the fatigues of the day, and leaned back in his comfortable chair, smoking luxuriously.

Presently Jonathan's pipe dropped from his mouth and his head dropped forward on his breast; he had fallen asleep in the sudden fashion which was now of frequent occurrence with him.

"Poor wold chap," said Zachary to himself, as he picked up the pipe and laid it on the table between them. "It 'ull be a mercy if he don't fall forward into the fire one of these days, left so much alone as he is. I d' 'low 'tis a sin and a shame for him to be so neglected. I'm jist about glad we did come if 'tis only to cheer him up for once."

Leaning back once more in his comfortable corner he reflected, with some remorse, on the ease with which he could have given the forlorn old man a similar pleasure during the last year. Their rounds had brought them several times within reach of Pendleton, yet they had held aloof because of a prejudice of which he now felt

ashamed. How happy Honesty was in performing good offices for her uncle; she would have done the like often before if she had not been unwilling to "go again" her husband. Zachary's conscience felt quite uncomfortable until presently an idea came to him which once more set it at rest, and when Jonathan presently awoke he hastened to impart it to him.

"I've been a-thinkin' o' summat whille you was a-dozin' Cousin Shart; I've been a-thinkin', since it do seem such a comfort to ye to have Honesty about, I mid leave her wi' you for a few days."

"Leave Honesty here!" ejaculated the other, sitting upright in his chair, and becoming in a moment extraordinarily wide awake.

"'Ees, I be a-going to Stalbridge, and round by Templecombe, then on by Marnhull—I could easy pick her up again at the end o' the week—'twouldn't be much out o' my road. How would that suit ye?"

Jonathan drew a long breath and was silent for a moment before replying.

"It 'ud suit I well enough, and I do think it very kind of ye to put yourself out that much on my account—but I don't think it 'ud do."

"Ye don't think it 'ud do?" gasped Zachary amazed.

"Nay, 'tis a thing what I wouldn't advise," persisted Jonathan; he spoke slowly but collectively, and his blue eyes were quite alert.

"But in the name o' fortun' what's the meanin' o' this?" exclaimed Zachary, the blood rushing over his face.

"If you was to leave Honesty here it mid unsettle her again," said Jonathan. "She do seem to be content and happy enough now; it 'ud be a pity for to unsettle her."

Zachary threw back his head and laughed, the old man gazing at him the while, slowly rubbing his knees and

preserving on his side a serious, not to say distressed expression.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Zachary at length, wiping his eyes, "but I can't help laughin' at the notion o' you fancying my little 'ooman could make herself happier anywhere nor in the van. Why she do jist glory in that van. She do take such pride in it as never was."

"'Tisn't about the van I was thinkin'," interrupted the other. "I reckoned it mid upset her to be here along o' my son Robert. He's a-comin' home to-morrow."

"Don't ye trouble your head about that," rejoined Zachary, good humoredly. "Honesty she's a sensible little 'ooman, and for your sake she could very well make up her mind to put up wi' him for a few days."

Jonathan shook his head.

"Nay, I wouldn't like Honesty to be unsettled, though 'twas for my sake," he said. "I wouldn't like Honesty to run no risks. I don't trust Robert wi' her—the mere sight o' my son 'ud upset her arter what's passed between them."

The ruddy color left Zachary's face, and for a moment he did not speak; then, leaning forward with a hand on either knee, in unconscious imitation of Jonathan's own attitude, he said, very quietly:—

"I don't quite understand ye, Cousin Shart, what was there between Honesty and your son?"

"She was too fond o' Robert, the poor maid," said the old man in a ruminative tone. He had fixed his eyes on the fire and seemed to be talking to himself rather than to the other. "I could see it comin', and my missus she see'd it. 'Tisn't safe," she did say. 'He'll be gettin' fond of her next, and it won't be an honest likin'. Robert isn't a man to be trusted. He'd never marry a poor little maid like Honesty. Get her away,' said she, 'so soon as I be under ground.'"

"So that is why you sent her home," said Zachary, moistening his lips which had become dry.

Jonathan did not at first seem to hear the question, but on its being repeated, answered without moving his eyes from the fire.

"'Ees, that was why. I stuck to it even when the poor little maid did come i' the winter and beg an' pray me to let her come back an' bide here."

"In the winter," said Zachary huskily. "Can you mind when that was, Cousin Shart?"

Jonathan turned towards him now, blinking at him as he endeavored to recollect.

"'Twas in Christmas week I fancy—'ees, 'twas Christmas week. I mind there was holly on the chimney piece. I did find Honesty's glove a-hid behind a bit o' holly, it must ha' got pushed behind accidental."

Honesty's glove! The blood which had left Zachary's face rushed back again with redoubled force; the veins on his forehead swelled; for a moment he turned dizzy and sick. When he and Honesty had walked in the Drove on the day of their betrothal she had mentioned having lost her glove and he had taken the comforter from his own neck to wrap about her hand. He could see her now smiling up at him with that innocent look—and it was here that she had left the glove!

"I knowed why she wanted to come back, do ye see," went on Jonathan. "The poor little maid didn't speak out plain to me o' course—not so plain as she did to Robert afterwards, but I knowed what she was at."

Zachary held his breath. Jonathan, once more half oblivious of his presence, had turned himself towards the fire again, holding out his shrivelled hands to the blaze as he resumed his monologue.

"They did think I was asleep, an' I

mid ha' dropped off just at first, and when I heard how things was a-goin' I didn't let on—I didn't want to put poor little Honesty to shame. She was miserable enough an' angry enough as it was."

"Angry, was she?"

"She was like to be; any maid 'ud be hurt in her feelin's when the man she fancies tells her coolly she'd best get married to somebody else."

Zachary cleared his throat and his lips formed words, but no sound came; but after a pause Jonathan answered the unspoken query.

"She come by way of axin' his advice. 'I'm in such trouble,' she says. 'I do just want to tell you about it'—and then she tells him how her mother do want her to get married to a man what's twenty-two year older nor her, and Robert says Why not, he'd be a father to her. O' course he knowed it wasn't advice what she wanted, poor little maid, but he has a hard heart, Robert has."

There was a pause; Zachary sat upright and fell to drumming on the table in apparent idleness. He had dropped his eyelids over his eyes as though afraid of what might be read there, but Jonathan was still looking at the fire.

By-and-by Zachary rose abruptly, the action rousing Jonathan, who turned towards him once more in surprise.

"Where be goin' to?"

"Takin' of advice," said Zachary, referring, it would seem, rather to the last disjointed statement of the old man than to the direct question, "that was good advice what ye did give me jist now. We'll clear out o' this."

Jonathan stared at him in amazement.

"Ye don't mean to say you're thinkin' o' goin' away at this time o' night?"

His cousin gave vent to an odd sort of laugh.

"It do seem to be the right thing to do," he said. He spoke quietly enough.

but if the other had been a close observer, he would have noted how the veins on the strong hands stood out, and how, though the tips of the fingers rested on the table, they perceptibly trembled.

"Honesty 'ull be a-bed and asleep," hazarded Jonathan, nervously.

"She can get up," responded the husband.

Jonathan rose in his turn, and making a feeble step or two forward, laid his hand upon his cousin's arm:—

"It's never along of what I did tell 'ee jist now?" he faltered.

Zachary laughed again, and shaking him off without speaking, turned towards the door.

"Bide a bit," called the other, shuffling after him; as Zachary halted, glancing back at him over his shoulder, he said, almost in a whisper:—"Robert 'll not be back till latish to-morrow."

Then Zachary turned upon him a look of such exceeding fierceness that he fell back.

As the younger man wheeled once more, Jonathan broke into whimpering lamentations.

"I could wish I'd never ha' spoke a word—how could I guess ye'd take it to heart that way? I d' 'low if you do carry on same as that you'll upset poor Honesty a deal worse nor the sight o' Robert 'ud ha' done."

Zachary closed the door and came back into the room: he was making a strenuous effort at self-control, bracing his very muscles, it would seem, to meet the emergency.

"Now look-see," he said, in that toneless voice which he had before instinctively adopted to cloak his emotion. "I bairn't a-goin' to upset Honesty more nor I can help, but she don't bide another hour in this house—my mind's made up on that p'int. Where's the stable key?"

"Hangin' yonder on a nail by the back kitchen door."

"Then I'll get the harse and leave key back in its usual place. Ye'd best bolt door a'ter we'm gone."

"There, whatever will the poor wench think?" groaned Jonathan.

"Never mind what she do think," responded Zachary. "Don't you go for to tell her nothin', Cousin Shart. Jist let her say good-bye to 'ee but don't speak—best not speak. Nothin' you can say could make any difference."

"What be *you* goin' to tell her then?" asked the old man, gasping at him.

"I bain't agoin' to tell her nothin'," rejoined the other. "There's no need. What's done is done, and can't be undone."

The set mask of his face contracted momentarily, and then resolved itself once more into fixed, expressionless lines; but his voice took on an odd inflection of compassion as he addressed Jonathan, who was now trembling from head to foot.

"Don't ye fret, Cousin Shart; ye meant well; ye did act for the best. Have ye a lantern there handy?"

"On the shelf yonder," said Jonathan, pointing to the dresser. Zachary lighted it and went upstairs, pausing a moment on the landing, and then rapidly opening and shutting two or three doors in succession. The first two rooms proved to be unoccupied; in one of these a mingled odor of cigarette-smoke, leather, and strong-scented pomatum warned him that it belonged to Robert. He closed the door with extreme haste and stood for a moment, shaken from head to foot with a spasm of anger and loathing; then he went on to the only other door on that landing: it must open as he knew into Honesty's room. He entered gently, closing the door after him, and shading the light with his hand as he gazed down at his wife.

She was sound asleep, lying with her head pillowed on one arm. Her night-dress was open at the neck, the white

frills falling away a little from the rounded slender throat; she was breathing softly and lightly as a child m'ght have done. Never had she looked more like a child, more untroubled, more innocent.

He drew in his breath sharply; images came rushing in upon his brain from a thousand different quarters, as it seemed, succeeding each other with lightning-like rapidity; each presented Honesty to him in the aspect he had so loved. He had thought her half-child, half-angel, reverencing as much as loving her for her innocence—he had hardly dared to clasp her in his arms lest he should trouble or offend her, and all this time there had been this secret at the back of her life! She was neither child nor angel, but a woman who had loved an unworthy man, who had stooped to put herself at his mercy, and, having been spurned by him, had given herself to Zachary with no love in her heart, only bitterness and despair.

"A man twenty-two years older than herself!" . . . "Her mother wanted her to marry him." . . . She had come to "ask Robert's advice," but even half-doting Jonathan Short had seen through that!

Here of a sudden a ray of hope darted through his mind, daz-ling, almost agonizing in the intensity of the relief it brought him; Jonathan *was* half-doting, after all; Rideout had said he was faltering; the stablemen talked of his wandering—perhaps these monstrous statements of his originated in his own half-crazed brain. Zachary leaned back against the wall, his heart beating so fast as almost to suffocate him. Of course, he had wronged her, wronged his treasure, his little saint—he was as crazed as Jonathan himself if he could for a moment doubt her!

But then he recalled that damning piece of circumstantial evidence—the losing of the glove, the little glove

which had got pushed behind a piece of holly on the occasion of that fateful visit.

How guilelessly and lightly Honesty had alluded to that loss, looking up at him with such an untroubled face! lying to him with her eyes as well as her lips. She had always lied to him, always deceived him—the Honesty whom he had loved and worshipped had never existed; that sleeping woman in the bed was another creature. What sort of creature could she be who could sleep thus calmly in that house! Two steps took him to the bed, and he laid his hand roughly on her shoulder.

"Get up!" he cried.

She opened her eyes, big and blue, still hazy with slumber. "Morning already?" she said inarticulately.

"It's not morning," said Zachary, "but you must get up. We must get out of this at once."

She sat up, gazing at him in alarm.

"Why, what time is it?" she asked, "what's the matter, Zachary? You look so—so—I've never seen ye look like that."

Zachary, by a desperate effort, held himself in hand—if he once spoke out, what might he not say! What was done could not be undone; he and Honesty were tied together for life—he must not let himself go.

"I daresay ye haven't," he said in a dull voice. "Now dress yourself as quick as ye can; I'm going to hitch the harse."

Honesty sat on the edge of the bed, shivering. As he lit the candle on the table, its light fell on the face of her watch which she always placed beside her.

"Why, 'tis but eleven o'clock," she cried in surprise. "You're not goin' to travel off again at this time o' night—I be so tired, too."

She made the plaint with a little wail that was half pettish. She had been so

much accustomed to being spoilt by Zachary, to receive full measure of tender consideration on every possible occasion, that she could hardly believe her senses, when, instead of turning compassionately towards her, and entering upon an apologetic explanation of this unlooked for departure, her husband briefly and sternly desired her to lose no time, and went out, closing the door after him.

Yet, as he descended the stairs, he carried with him the memory of the forlorn little crouching figure, of the trembling hand drawing together the folds of the nightdress, of the golden hair flowing over the shoulders, even of the two little bare feet, one pressing upon the other as it rested upon the carpetless floor. How often had he chafed those little feet when they were cold! But even while his heart was wrung within him at this thought, another leaped upon him out of the darkness of his mind; her hands, too, were cold to-night, not as he had fancied because of her fear of "words" between him and Jonathan, but because her uncle had mentioned Robert's name! At the mere sound of the man's name she had trembled and turned cold. The house door shut with a violence that shook Honesty's upper room and made the flame of her candle leap and flare.

By the time he had harnessed the horse and restored the key to its place, she came out of the house, huddled up in her wraps, and shivering.

"Have ye said good-bye to your uncle?" he asked.

"'Ees, he came out of the kitchen when I came downstairs."

"Then get in, and we'll be goin'."

She climbed into the van, and he closed the door after her, there was a creaking sound as the vehicle turned and went lumbering out of the yard.

Honesty sat down and waited; it was a moonlight night, and through the

window set in the door of the van she could see the farmhouse dimly receding, the light shining from the kitchen window until intervening trees blotted it from sight.

"I hope Uncle will go to bed soon," she said to herself dully. She felt stunned.

Now they were on the highway; she could see the hedges on either side, and the long white line of the road rising and falling in hills and dips; little puddles here and there, and drifts of leaves.

After a pause she went to the further end of the van, and peered out of the little window which overlooked the driver's seat. It was not darkened as she had half expected by Zachary's stalwart person; her husband was walking by the horse's head, plodding along, keeping pace with the animal's steps, his head stooping forward a little.

She let down the sash and called out timidly:—

"Zachary!"

"Well?" rejoined he, without turning his head.

"Why don't ye sit up here and drive? Prince 'ud know his way blindfold."

The Times.

(To be continued.)

"So he would," he rejoined in muffled tones, "but I'd sooner walk."

"Be we a-goin' to travel all night?" she asked hesitatingly, after an interval.

"'Ees, I think so; ye'd best get to bed."

"But I thought ye said ye wasn't in no particular hurry to get to Stalbridge."

"Well, I've changed my mind. Ye'd best get to bed since ye're so tired."

There was a longer interval before Honesty spoke again, and when she did she could hardly steady her voice.

"Zachary, do'ee come in and—and tell me what's upset ye."

He jerked the reins so that the horse stood still and turned his face slowly towards hers; it showed plainly in the moonlight, a strange face, scarcely recognizable as Zachary's.

"I'd advise ye to ax me no questions," he said, "there's things what's best not spoken of."

After one steady glance at her he turned, and went plodding on through the night, and Honesty, staggering away from the window threw herself face downwards on the bed.

DE GUSTIBUS.

Literature owes much to cookery; from Aristophanes to Meredith some of the most delightful pages in all languages are those deriving their inspiration from banquets imagined or

remembered, and even from feasts, as in the cases of Tantalus and Sancho Panza, evident but not enjoyed.

"Show me," says Talleyrand, apropos of eating, "another pleasure which comes twice a day and lasts an hour each time;" while according to Milton cookery was the first of the fine arts to exist in Eden. When the Archangel Raphael unexpectedly appears in the Garden of Eden, Eve, "on hospitable thoughts intent," hurries off to prepare a meal.

* "The English Housewife in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." By Rose M. Bradley. Arnold. 1912.

"Dinners and Dinners." By Colonel Newnham-Davis. Grant Richards. 1899.

"La Physiologie du Gout." By Brillat-Savarin. Paris. 1825.

"The Art of Dining." By Abraham Hayward. Murray. 1852.

"Foods and Feeding." By Sir Henry Thompson, Bt. Warne.

"The Closet of Cookery." By Sir Everard Digby. 17th cent.

"From each tender stalk
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the
 board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink
 the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and
 meaths
 From many a berry, and from sweet
 kernels press'd
 She tempers dulcet creams."

Eve also possessed the higher instinct which views each course as part of the whole, and knows

"What choice to choose for delicacy
 best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to
 mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but
 bring
 Taste after taste, upheld with kindest
 change."

Small wonder Adam, yet unfallen, addresses this rare creature in a rapture of admiration as

"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve!"

What was his clumsy instinct of agriculture beside the anticipation of civilized refinement inherent in his help-mate? Had Adam been left alone in Eden he would have munched raw roots and gourds to the end of time, heedless of their nobler possibilities.

Other authorities, it is true, have implied a doubt as to Eve's share in the art of cookery. Dr. Johnson, who always thought he could do everything better than anyone else, held that women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book on cookery; while William Morris was yet more emphatic: "There are two things," he maintained, "about which women know absolutely nothing: dress and cookery; their twist isn't that way. They never invented a new dish or failed to spoil an old one."

Whether the first cook were created male or female, certain it is Eden would not have been Paradise to the

majority of humankind had not the culinary art been native to its air. We may waive the crude surmises of anthropologists, the uninteresting speculations as to the genealogy of hearth-fires or the sacrificial origin of roast meats. Charles Lamb is the only ethnologist whose researches in this field are germane to the matter, and to the epicure and to the cook the legend of Bobo and the burnt pig must ever remain one of the most splendid and venerable traditions of their science.

The modern "emotional epicure"—to misuse a phrase of Mr. Mallock's—may be content to pass lightly over classical and medieval gastronomic records as unsuited to his digestion, and leave the mighty sesquipedalian ragoût of the Athenians, with its confusion of ingredients, to stew in its own juice, together with the suppers of Juvenal and Petronius, and the hecatombs of soused porpoises and barbecued hogs under which the boards of the middle ages continually did groan.

Indeed, even up to Elizabeth's time and later, the cook's methods are apt, to modern notions, to savor of the apothecary's and perfumer's shops, when they do not recall the unpleasant profusion of Snyders' "sideboard pieces" reeking with trophies of the chase. Going further back, we have reason to doubt the achievements of Chaucer's cook, despite the poet's assurance that he could boil chickens and marrow-bones, could roast and seethe and broil and fry, make mortreux—a white soup or *purée*—and bake a pie well. Our mistrust is grounded, not only on mine host's jape as regards his selling fish twice *réchauffé* and disguising a fly-blown fowl with parsley sauce, but on the statement that he could powder "marchant tart" and "galingale." What "marchant" was no dictionary or glos-

sary will illumine (we infer "tart" to be the qualifying adjective), but "galingale" is a root of sorts, first cousin to ginger, and another evidence of the passion for spices which was an ill feature of the *haute cuisine* of our ancestors. The venison pasty of Friar Tuck, as served to us by Sir Walter, is more tempting than we should have found the original; while even so late a book as Sir Everard Digby's "Closet of Cookery" makes us marvel how any neat-handed Phyllis could have perpetrated such ghastly messes, let alone how her master and his friends could have consumed them. Dr. Johnson criticized justly the English cookery of his time when he observed: "Pharmacy is now made much more simple, cookery may be made so too." A prescription which is now compounded of five ingredients had formerly fifty in it. So, in cookery, if the nature of the ingredients be well known, "much fewer will do."

The Civil Wars retarded the progress of gastronomy in England, while France was developing the art under the instruction of Italy, then far in advance of other nations in this matter. Catherine de Medicis's cook, Berini, played a considerable part in educating the *gourmets* of Paris, and a century later we find Montaigne expatiating on the subtle art of his Italian cook, formerly in the service of Cardinal Caraffa, who thus discoursed on salads: "their difference according to their distinct seasons; which must be served warm and which cold; the manner how to dress, how to adorn and to embellish them, to make them more pleasing to the sight," while the most exacting modern critic of *la science des bons morceaux* could scarce find fault with the *repas fort savant* so exquisitely described by Dorante in "Le Bourgeois Gentil-homme." But in England, until the time of the later Stuarts at earli-

est, it is impossible for readers of to-day to feel much sympathy—the "sweet possessive pang" of greediness—with any author's gastronomic ardors, although Walton's recipes for the cooking of his day's sport are enticing, and Mr. Pepys' gastronomic comments show an acumen worthy of the author, notably his criticism of the venison pasty which was "palpable beef and most unhandsome." Miss Bradley in her interesting book "The English Housewife in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" quotes dinners almost unbelievable in their profusion; and though Pepys' descriptions of his own dinners prove some modification was possible without disgracing hospitality, they bear witness to the essential correctness of the bills of fare she cites from the "dinners of ceremony" "which a whole Ark command of Nature's plenty" to the "more humble feast" commended by Gervase Markham as of "an ordinary proportion which any good man may keep in his family for the entertainment of his true and worthy friends," and of which the first course alone consisted of thirty-two dishes! The introduction of tea, coffee and chocolate was probably responsible for a far-reaching change of taste in the value and appreciation of flavors, and it is from this time that the rise of modern cookery may be dated. Eighteenth century books are full of good cheer, but it is of the kind which needs good digestion and good appetite to savor it aright. We feel a hard run with the hounds or a fifty miles' jolting over rough roads in a stage coach is needful to its enjoyment, and even then we should certainly weary of the sameness of the food, and should hanker after the variety and contrast which have been brought to our doors by swiftness of transport and the miracles of cold storage. "Caviare to the general!" Let anyone with a

lively imagination and a fastidious palate try to realize what the caviare known to Shakespeare must have been like, if it was indeed imported from Russia and not, as seems possible, taken from sturgeon caught in home waters. The varied abundance of fish and fowl we enjoy to-day; the strange fruits—melons, bananas, pineapples—now heaped on even humble boards with a hand as unsparing as Eve's own; the wealth of vegetables cultivated to a size, flavor and tenderness undreamt-of in days of yore; the condiments to which we have grown so used that we forget their scarcity and costliness in other ages—these were luxuries mostly unknown to Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, and other lavish hostesses of their day. There was also but little appreciation of the aesthetics which now link the science of good living to other arts by silent sympathy. Did any eighteenth century epicure, confronted by hashed mutton, contrive to endure it by remembering the little dish of that delicacy prepared by Fielding's Amelia for her errant husband; or find a more suave enjoyment in gooseberry-fool for the recollection of Goldsmith's comparison of himself to that dainty? Dr. Johnson's meditations on a pudding are well meant, but they carry no conviction of the pudding's excellence; they leave us cold, when compared with the ambrosial vision in one of Dickens' letters of a pudding created in his honor to grace a dinner in Paris. Our enthusiasm to-day over "a conscientious dinner, conscientiously eaten," is far more complex than was that of our ancestors; memories and associations blend their aroma in enchanting harmony with the sensible odors and flavors of the repast.

Yet the Muse of Letters, she she divine Calliope herself, must beware of mistaking her place in relation to gastronomy; "a higher hand must

make her mild, she is the second, not the first"; it is hers to irradiate, not to define. Wit and research may brighten the pages of a cookery book, as Brillat-Savarin and Grimod de La Reynière have abundantly proved, but cook and critic alike must look coldly on the foppery which is fain to disguise the defects of a recipe by tricking it out in rhyme. Such versified formulæ are but toys at best, often irritating and always futile. Let any one attempt Gay's recipe for stewing a knuckle of veal, and judge if it would "fill with rapture" any Dean and Chapter worthy of the name. How many, among the thousands of readers who have quoted Sydney Smith's recipe for a winter salad, have paused to reflect that all mention of the salad itself is omitted therefrom, and that the directions, faithfully followed, must result in a sticky paste of mashed potatoes and yolk of egg, blended with oil and vinegar and savory with onion and anchovy? Such a mess would be a doubtful filling for a sandwich and absolutely futile as a salad dressing. On the other hand, any chef with a soul ought to be inspired to the creation of a game pie by the passage in "Audley Court" (even though it lacks detail as regards seasoning) which describes

"Half-cut-down, a pasty costly-made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,

Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks

Embedded and enjellied."

So also should he be thrilled to finer issues by the idyll of the great Alcide de Mirobolant, who through the medium of his art declared his passion for Miss Amory. Here is his own description of the dinner he served to his idol and her two "comrades of the pension":

"Her lovely name is Blanche. The veil of the maiden is white, the wreath

of roses which she wears is white. I determined that my dinner should be as spotless as the snow. . . .

"I sent her up a little *potage à la Reine*—à la Reine Blanche I called it—as white as her own tint and confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds. I then offered up at her shrine a *filet de merlan à Sainte-Agnes* and a delicate *plat* which I designated as *Eperlan à la Sainte Thérèse*, and of which my charming Miss partook with pleasure. I followed this by two little entrées of sweetbread and chicken, and the only brown thing which I permitted myself in the entertainment was a little roast of lamb, which I laid in a meadow of spinaches with *croustillons* representing sheep and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers. After this came my second service: a pudding à la Reine Elizabeth (who, Madame Fribsbi knows, was a maiden princess); a dish of opal-colored plovers' eggs, which I called *Nid de tourteraux à la Roucoule*, placing in the midst of them two of those tender volatiles, billing each other and confectioned with butter; a basket containing little *gâteaux*, of apricots, which I know all young ladies adore; and a jelly of marasquin, bland, insinuating, intoxicating as the glance of beauty. This I designated *Ambrosie-de-Calypso à la Souveraine de mon Cœur*. And when the ice was brought in—an ice of *plombière* and cherries—how do you think I had shaped them, Madame Fribsbi? In the form of two hearts, united with an arrow, on which I had laid, before it entered, a bridal veil of cut paper surmounted by a wreath of virginal orange flowers. I stood at the door to watch the effect of this entry. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Ay and carried me in a toast."

But while the mere lover of literature may enjoy the rhapsodies of Alcide de Mirobolant, to the average chef they will appear irrelevant. A chef's interest in his profession must needs be immediate and practical; the realization of his inspirations is

needed to prove their worth, and he is apt to hold of slight account the epicurean dissertations of polite letters. To him, the great Dumas lives rather as the author of a famous cookery book than as the creator of d'Artagnan; his son, rather as the inventor of the *Salade Japonaise* than as the writer of "La Dame aux Camélias." In gastronomy, as in other arts, the man of thought and the man of action have their separate spheres, distinct again from that of the critic. Still we maintain that a school of culinary "Greats" should include, besides acquaintance with the more severely practical works, some knowledge of the philosophy of dining as sketched by Brillat-Savarin and Hayward and other professors of that art; and in addition complete familiarity with the ideals expressed by such authors as Dumas, Thackeray, and Peacock, for it is from them that can best be learnt the standards by which the epicure's enthusiasm may be regulated and the cook's experiments criticized. The works of Scott and Thackeray are evidence that it was force of circumstance, not lack of ardor or appreciation of the art, which withheld them from enriching our shelf of cookery-books. The loss is ours. We would gladly exchange the *magnum opus* intended, but happily unaccomplished, by Dr. Johnson for the slimmest volume by the authors of "St. Ronan's Well" and "Vanity Fair." Most of Scott's novels hold some hint of his discriminating interest in the art of cooking, but "Quentin Durward" contains two notable examples. In the Introduction to the story there is a description of a *maigre* dinner given by the Marquis de Hautlieu, with, for its crowning-grace, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the old French valet-cook representing a scene from "Miladi Lac."

"An immense *assiette* of spinach, not smoothed into a uniform surface as by our uninaugurated cooks upon your

side of the water, but swelling into hills and declining into vales, over which swept a gallant stag, pursued by a pack of hounds in full cry and a noble field of horsemen with bugle-horns and whips held upright and brandished after the manner of broad-swords—hounds, huntsmen, and stag being all very artificially cut out of toasted bread."

Even more appetizing is the breakfast—Scott is always great at breakfasts—wherewith Maitre Pierre entertains the half-starved Durward at Plessis-les-Tours.

"There was a *pâté de Périgord* over which a gastronome would have wished to live and die, like Homer's lotus-eaters, forgetful of kin, native country, and all social obligations whatsoever. Its vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised like the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city, an emblem of the wealth which they are designed to protect. There was a delicate ragoût, with just that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love, and Scotchmen do not hate. There was besides a delicate ham which had once supported a noble wild boar in the neighboring woods of Mountrichart. There was the most delicate white bread, made into little round loaves called *boules* (whence the bakers took their French name of *boulangers*), of which the crust was so inviting that, even with water alone, it would have been a delicacy. But the water was not alone, for there was a flask of leather called *bottrine*, which contained a quart of exquisite *vin de Beaulne*. So many good things might have created an appetite under the ribs of Death."

Was there ever a nobler description of a feast without exaggeration and without affectation? The large Homeric utterance is natural to Scott, and his inherent humor lends to the picture the zest of the *point de l'ail* and the sparkle of the *vin de Beaulne*. De Banville has appropriated the scene in his "Gringolre," but his version lacks the glow and morning fresh-

ness of the great romancer's original.

We have a friend who, though he loves not sugared cates, whenever he meets preserved cherries solemnly eats one to the memory of William Makepeace Thackeray, recalling the note to Mr. Brown's letters where, after protesting against elaborate desserts, the author owns he cannot resist that particular "goody." No critic of gastronomy is more accomplished, no *gourmet* more certain in his intuition, or more catholic in his enjoyment, than the author of "Vanity Fair." Like his own Clive Newcome, "though it was his maxim that all dinners were good, and he could eat bread and cheese and drink small beer with perfect satisfaction, I believe that he found a certain pleasure in a bottle of claret which most men's systems were incapable of feeling." The "Memorials of Gormandising," first published in "Fraser's Magazine," remain a faithful chronicle of the great Paris restaurants of his time, already, according to D'Orsay, approaching their decadence. They contain the story of the truffled partridge at the Café Foy: how Thackeray and his friend G., after holding their powers exhausted by the "rich, sweet, piquant, juicy entrecôte," were revived by the odor of the truffles coming toward them: "something musky, fiery, savory, mysterious—a hot, drowsy smell, that lulls the senses and yet inflames them." Hayward tells a similar anecdote. He was dining with Thackeray at "Le Rocher," and a *matelote* of supreme excellence was served up. "My dear fellow," exclaimed the distinguished moralist, "don't let us speak a word until we have finished this dish."

Thackeray's large humanity included the true epicurean spirit, that genial and general appreciation of everything that is good of its kind. He would have sympathized with Tom Tulliver's sublime exclamation, "Apri-

cot roll-up! Oh! my buttons!"; and more than one roly-poly enriches his own pages, notably that which was "too good," made by Mrs. Raymond Grey. In the same paper which records the banquet at the Café Foy appears his version of "Odi puer":

"Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,

I hate all this Frenchified fuss,
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us."

Yet while praising the plain leg of mutton he could also gloriously epitomize bouillabaisse.

"This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—

A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could undo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels,
saffron,

Soles, onions, garlic, roach and
dace,

All these you eat at Terré's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse."

It is not the Roubion, the Marsellais, formula; but what of that? The exigencies of rhyme must be admitted and, as we have already implied, the better the verse, the worse the recipe.

Peacock's epicurism is of a different order. He is not so much a citizen of the world as Thackeray, though they have much in common. It was not his lot in youth to dine with Goethe or to savor the Olympian feasts of "Le Rocher" and Véry's in their palmy days. We have always held Peacock as the literary descendant of John Bunce, that widower of many wives and hero of a thousand Gargantuan feasts; but the author of "Crotchet Castle" is of finer metal than his forbear, whether as writer or *bon vivant*. He sheds the irradiating brilliance of his wit over the hospitably spread table of the English country-house. How simple, yet accomplished in its neatness, is the cookery, how exquisite in its freshness is the fare!

His books remind us again of Dutch still-life pictures, but with a difference: with him Van der Helst rather than Snyders is the original. We have the silver gleam of salmon and trout, the heather-tints of soft-plumaged moor-fowl and purple-breasted pigeon, and the crimson nap of the peach nestles with the swollen globes of grapes, golden and nectarous, against the wine flask, from within which gleams the stored sunlight of past summers. "And what if it be but a lobster and a lemon, if the first be fresh boiled and the second fresh cut?"

Dickens has the same zest as Peacock and Thackeray, if not the same fineness of instinct; he wants the philosophic gravity of the first, the critical shrewdness of the latter. The pudding, mentioned earlier, is described in one of his letters. In his novels he rather raises to the skies the grosser realities of Christmas dinners and of suppers barbaric in their confusion, than lures the genius of *la haute cuisine* down to earth. We feast, if well, yet not wisely, and our heads are apt to ache next morning. It is his art to glorify Mrs. Crummles' shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, the "weal and 'ammer" that Mr. Wegg approved as "mellering to the orgin," and the landlord's stew, well remembered by readers of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

"'It's a stew of tripe,' said the landlord, smacking his lips. 'And cow heel,' smacking them again, 'and bacon,' smacking them once more, 'and steak,' smacking them for the fourth time, 'and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow-grass. all working up together in one delicious gravy.'

"Having come to a climax he smacked his lips a great many times, and taking a long hearty sniff at the fragrance that was hovering about, put the cover on again with the air of one whose tolls on earth were over."

But Bella Wilfer's wedding dinner at Greenwich stands apart, not only by virtue of a certain idyllic charm, but because the riverside hostel and its pleasant memories, dear to many of us, are now numbered among past delights, vanished, as is the coaching breakfast of earlier times celebrated in "Tom Brown."

"What a dinner! Specimens of all the fishes that swim surely had swum their way into it, and if samples of the fishes of divers colors that made a speech in the Arabian Nights (quite a Ministerial explanation in respect of cloudiness) were not to be recognized it was only because they had all become of one hue by being cooked in batter among the white-bait, and the dishes being seasoned with Bliss—an article which they are sometimes out of at Greenwich—were of perfect flavor, and the golden drinks had been bottled in the golden age and hoarding their sparkles ever since."

The Whistlerian vagueness of the passage only heightens its daintiness of suggestion.

Of rarer essence are those epicures like Lamb and Hazlitt—solitary spirits who read at their meals, and whose grace after meat is thanksgiving for mental or spiritual as well as bodily refreshment. "All thoughts, all passions, all delights" throng round the hermit's board with such as these and heighten the flavor of the repast, however frugal, as when Hazlitt tells us of his supper at the inn, after a long walk: "I had 'Love for Love' in my pocket, coffee was brought in a silver coffee-pot, the bread, the butter and the coffee were all excellent, but the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all"; or when he records, "It was on the 10th of April 1798 that I sat down to a volume of the 'New Eloise' at the Inn of Llangollen over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught

a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, and which I had brought with me as a *bonnebouche* to crown the evening with." But these solitary delights move but few; to most men, as to Brillat-Savarin, society is an integral part of the epicure's enjoyment.

The author just mentioned must ever be regarded as the master of gastronomic aesthetics, concentrating in his slender work the essence of the voluminous "Almanach des Gourmands" and the "Manuel des Amphitryons," even as the chef of the Prince de Soubise pledged himself to condense fifty hams into a phial no larger than his own thumb. It is difficult to decide whether literature or gastronomy has the upper hand in the "Physiologie du Goût"; whether the charm of the book to the general reader or the value of its aphorisms to the cook be the greater. Brillat-Savarin writes as a Frenchman for the French, and many of his maxims do not command agreement from English tastes. The celebrated axiom that a dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with one eye, is no longer universally accepted even by his own countrymen. Perhaps, however, this is only a sign of general decadence of taste, and it may be that under the influence of the futurists we shall cease to share Captain Absolute's prejudice in favor of two eyes. But if Brillat-Savarin be acknowledged as *par excellence* the philosopher of the table, his critic and eulogist Hayward remains the truest apologist of the English dinner. His book "The Art of Dining," compiled from two articles which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" in 1835 and 1836, justifies its title, though the author himself after the appearance of his second essay professed indifference to eating compared with other matters, and declared that he would not eat half the

things mentioned in his article if he were paid for it.

Despite his protest that he "got up the article just as he would get up a speech from a brief," his knowledge of his cult was encyclopaedic, his practical wisdom great, and he himself, as he said of Thackeray, "not less eminent as a dinner-giver than as a diner-out." His own dinners in his chambers at King's Bench Walk are even yet not forgotten, and, reading his book, we of a later generation are caught back in fancy as unseen guests to "those delightful parties" which used to include perhaps three, sometimes perhaps only two, of the loveliest and most gifted women that London society boasted, and of men perhaps five. The very names sound like a page from the Greville Memoirs or from Disraeli's novels. Lockhart, Macaulay or Sydney Smith, Bulwer or Sidney Herbert and Graham and the lawless, engaging George Smythe; Mrs. Norton, "Carry Client," in pink with a black lace veil, her hair smooth with a knot behind and a string of small pearls across her forehead, and her adorable sister, the loveliest of the Sheridan triad, who belled herself by declaring, "Georgie is the beauty, and Carry is the clever one, and I ought to be the good one—but I'm not."

Where are those parties now? Vanished in the glare and glitter of the huge restaurant, the Babel of crowded tables and the blare of bands; routed by the advance of the bridge-playing battalions.

Another book deserving mention is Walker's "Original," not only as one of the happy occasions of Hayward's book, but as one of the earliest protests against the tyranny of the long and often ill-dressed dinner which flourished in his day. It is almost as difficult now to imagine the ordinary dinner party of fifty or sixty years ago as the heroic banquets of an ear-

lier period recorded by Miss Bradley. Imagine the upset and confusion it implied in households of moderate means—the two soups and two fishes placed on the table at once, the four side dishes of entrées making simultaneous appearance with the roast, and the "removes" giving place to the motley confusion of the *entremets*, asparagus, jellies, macaroni, dressed crab, fruit tarts, aspics and trifles, heaped pell-mell on the table at once. Walker's protest against this wasteful and ridiculous excess heralded the doughtier onslaught of Hayward and Thackeray, the former establishing his arguments by the first Lord Dudley's cogent dictum: "A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot-tart, is a dinner fit for an emperor."

The tyranny of the corner and side dishes was not extinct in the "sixties," but we had been steadily advancing none the less, and the "Frenchified fuss," *malgré* Thackeray, and the *diner à la Russe* were making for simplicity among us, if by a somewhat circuitous route. The "seventies" and "eighties" showed a further advance, fewer dishes and a higher standard of cookery becoming the rule rather than the exception, and hosts and hostesses alike beginning to pique themselves on their knowledge of the science of dining. Sir Henry Thompson's "Foods and Feeding," a spirited compound of science, of lively divagation and practical advice, was received with respectful interest by a generation which knew him as one of the *Amphitryons* of his age, *hors concours*. Since then, chatter about cookery has enlivened volumes of miscellaneous and discursive literature without number, amongst which Colonel Newnham-Davis' amusing and dramatic critical chronicle of London restaurants, "Diners and Diners," and those of the

accomplished author of "Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden," hold a high rank. True, in her later books Mrs. Earle recants her former creeds, and with the zeal of a proselyte urges us to renounce the delicate dishes, which she formerly instructed us how to prepare, in favor of a monotonous diet of pea-nut coffee, shredded wheat, separated milk and baked apples. But we fancy the old Eve and the spirit of hospitality still so far abide in her that she would fain have her guests or readers enjoy themselves in their own way, even though she forego

The Edinburgh Review.

the flesh-pots of Egypt for herself.

We are convinced that Mrs. Earle's delicate recipes could not disagree with anyone, and refuse to accept her later creed as a counsel of perfection. Should it ever prove one, gastronomy and its literature will no longer have place among us, and future generations of epicures will have to seek satisfaction in the long delayed realization of the ideals of "the divine Theodora":—"I think when the good time comes we shall give up eating in public, except perhaps fruit on a green bank with music."

Ethel Earle.

VIRGIL, THE FARMER.

Conington's translation of Virgil is as familiar to readers of the classics as the Latin of Virgil himself, and in certain respects it is hardly likely to be bettered by a successor. No other translator will come closer to the meaning of the original, and no other will write in more graceful English. But Conington, for all his grace and scholarship, has his limitations. He imposes them himself when he translates poetry into prose; and he is prevented by the very delicacy of his genius from interpreting the whole of the spirit of his poet. To take the *Georgics*, for instance, Conington hears and sees Virgil in the sunlight, among flowers and trees; he goes with him in all weathers and seasons, and comes as near the earth and the soil of the farm, but he seems to shrink from a certain coarseness of manner and matter which Virgil deliberately chooses on occasion, and which are as surely part of the atmosphere and essence of the *Georgics* as the freshest and gentlest passages of sun and rain. For that reason readers of Virgil will find a special interest in a new translation of the *Georgics* which has just been

published by Dr. A. S. Way, the translator of many other classics (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net). Dr. Way has taken verse as his medium, and on the whole his choice is successful. He has chosen a sort of rough, irregular, docked hexameter, rhyming now two lines and now three; the last syllable of the final spondee or trochee has been cut, and the lines rhyme on what would have been the penultimate, thus:

"What of the stormy stars of autumn
tide shall I say,
How watchful men must be, when
shorter now is the day. . ."

This blunt ending is occasionally softened or weakened, but the bluntness enables Dr. Way to bring into his translation just the note of plain practicality which belongs to the farmer's work—the hard, every-day, earthy problems which confront the small holder on the land, however clearly he may see and recognize the beauty and simplicity of his life in the air and the sun and rain. What would the small holder of to-day make of the *Georgics*? Could he get any kind of valuable instruction from Virgil? Italian conditions of weather and soil, of course,

differ in many respects from English conditions, and some of the main crops are crops which we cannot grow—grapes, for instance. An English small holder would not pray, like Virgil's farmer, for a wet summer:

"For drizzling summers and sunny winters, husbandmen, pray;
For a winter of dust with a glorious robe of corn will array
Thy glorying field: this, more than all tillage of man, makes proud Mysia, makes Gargara marvel bedraped with her golden cloud."

But, after all, we have a farmer's proverb that "a dripping June sets all in tune," and on sandy soils not only farm crops but garden flowers do best in a wet summer. Virgil no doubt writes from personal experience of particular conditions of soil and situation, as he does, too, when discussing the rotation of crops:

"In years alternate withal shalt thou let thy reaped field bide
Fallow: the face of the sleeping plain let a hard crust hide.
Else, sow 'neath the stars of a diverse season the golden corn
Where erst the pods of the glad pulse danced in the wind of morn,
Or where the progeny slender-limbed of the weak vetch climbed;
Or the frail stalks stood and the bells of the bitter lupine chimed;
Not flax or oats! for their harvest burns out the sap of the plain,
So likewise do poppies drenched with oblivion's slumber-rain.
Yet thy toll by rotation is made more light: but forbear not of pride
From mulching with fattening dung parched soil, nor from scattering wide
The ash-grime over the fields whence the nature and strength has dried.
So also by change of crop land gains the rest that is sought,
Nor left untilled the while is the land, and thankful for naught."

Rotation of crops in Italy and Sicily has always been managed on a much

more irregular system than English farmers would approve; but Virgil's plan, though it cannot be called intensive cultivation, shows that he understands thoroughly the effect on the land of the different crops. He is probably setting down the rotation of crops which was customary on his farm near Mantua, and a recent writer on Italian agriculture, Dr. Ashby, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, gives as a common rotation in Lombardy to-day, "either wheat, clover, maize, rice, rice, rice (the last year manured with lupines), or maize, wheat, followed by clover, clover, clover ploughed in, and rice, rice, rice manured with lupines." The farmer of Lombardy has not gone much further forward than when Virgil sowed corn after lupines and vetches. Or take, again, for a practical test of soils, whether they are heavy or light, the following:

"Choose thou a spot with thine eyes;
bid sink thee a pit down deep
In ground unbroken; thereafter throw back all that heap
Of mold thereinto, and trample the surface down of the pit.
If it sink below the brim, for the gracious vine it is fit
And for pasture; but if it refuse to return to its place again,
And when thou hast filled thy trench a mound of earth remain,
For a stiff soil's stubborn clods and for massive ridges prepare,
And strong be the steers that shall cleave that tilth-land with the share."

But the choice of land is not all; the soil must be broken up by deep trenching, to let in the rain and frost. Sometimes the plants naturally growing in a place give a hint whether the soil is cold or poor:

"Of blasting cold the traces be few
In a soil: yet sometimes there pitch-pines and the baleful yew,
Or the dark-leaved ivy's spreading fingers shall lend thee a clue.

Note all these things, and bethink
thee betimes in the sun to dry
Thy land, with trenches and furrows
to score the hilltop high,
And to lay the upturned clods all
bare to the north-wind cold,
Ere thou plant the vine's glad chil-
dren. Fields of crumbling mold
Be the best: the wind and the chill
frost to render them so
With the brawny delver who tosseth
and stirreth the earth to and
fro."

Virgil, like all farmers and gardeners,
is full of all kinds of weather-lore.
Storm and sunshine never take the
watchful farmer by surprise:

"Never cometh a storm unheralded.
Sometimes, as it rolls through the
mountain gorges, the cranes have
fled

High-soaring before it: the heifer,
her eyes upturned to the sky,
With wide-spread nostrils hath
snuffed the breeze rushing gustily
by:

Shrill-crying around the pools the
swallow her flight hath been wing-
ing:

Their immemorial plaint the frogs in
the fen have been singing."

Then there is the "clanging rookery";
rooks tell farmers the weather, tumb-
ling and calling in a stormy sky, as
surely as seagulls warn the fishermen
of a storm by "washing themselves"
—the phrase is the English fisherman's
to-day:

"The battalion of rooks, from their
feeding-ground flying,

With clashing of wings come
thronging, with sound of a multi-
tude crying.

All manner of deep-sea birds, and
the marsh-fowl that feed

Through many a pleasant pool in
Cayster's Asian mead—

Thou shalt see them with showers
of spray their shoulders eagerly
splashing,

Now meeting the surf with their
heads, now into the billows
dashing,

And aimlessly revelling on, as it
were in a passion of washing."

Writing as a stockbreeder, Virgil
has drawn a picture of the kind of
horse he likes to see, which has often
been quoted and compared with mod-
ern standards. He did not hold that
"a good horse cannot be of a bad
color"; he liked bays and greys, and
thought that duns and whites were the
worst. But his picture of a cow is less
familiar:

"The best brood-cow

Hath a lowering look, coarse head,
and a neck that is massive enow,
And down below her knees from her
throat doth the dewlap fall.

No limit there is to the length of her
side, she is huge-framed all,
Even her feet. She hath horns in-
curved, ears shaggy with hair,
For her color, though she be dappled
with white flecks—nothing I
care,

Nor care though she spurn the yoke,
with her horns push viciously,
Have a head more like to a bull, and
a frame throughout built high,
While her tail as she paces is sweep-
ing the dust behind her feet."

This is the true individual farmer's
touch—the farmer talking at an agri-
cultural show, who tells you that he
"likes to see" this or that in a beast,
and gives you his reasons from per-
sonal observation and experience. But
Virgil, perhaps, never strikes the note
of personal observation more distinctly
than when he is writing, not of horses
and cows, but of bees. He is not, of
course, strictly scientific; he writes of
queens as kings, and he lets his imagi-
nation take him strange flights when
he writes of bees fighting various re-
markable battles. But he has watched
and tended bees himself, and knows
how they like and dislike certain
plants and certain scents; he de-
scribes how cockroaches will eat
the comb in the skep, and how
hornets and moths will rob the honey,

and how the bee leaves its sting in the wound and dies from losing its sting; and, for a picture which should appeal to English beekeepers, looking at their experience of the last three years, he gives us the following passage:

"But if, seeing life cometh laden with
sore mischances to bees

As to men, their frames shall droop
and pine with woeful disease—

And this shalt thou straightway discern
by no uncertain signs:

When they sicken, their color chang-
eth, with leanness's haggard
lines

Are their visages marred: the forms
of friends that will not see again

Life's light, from their homes they
bear in mournful funeral-train;

Or in clusters they hang at their portal
with clinging feet entwined,

Or loiter within behind closed doors,
all hunger-pined

Unto utter listlessness, and with
cramping cold made numb."

That is a picture plainly drawn from
experience. Virgil has watched his
bees come out upon the fighting board

The Spectator.

and try to go out to work as usual; he has noticed how they sink down a few yards away, where they climb and struggle over each other on the ground ("with clinging feet entwined"); he has noticed that their appearance is changed, with wings sticking out awry, and how they gradually become more and more torpid and languid, and eventually die. In fact, he describes as minutely as any writer of his age could, without scientific formulas and conventions, a hive of bees attacked by what has come to be known during the last few years as the "Isle of Wight" bee disease. That is a name which has probably been applied to several distinct bee diseases, and we do not know very much about any of them. It is quite possible, in fact, that Virgil, who prescribes various remedies, among them centaury and the roots of starwort boiled in wine, gave the bee-farmers of his day quite as good advice in treating the disease as our own bee farmers have obtained from modern professional apiarists.

THE DEVILRY OF GHOOLAM RASOOL.

"Toba! Toba!—Shame, Shame!" rose a chorus of indignant voices. "Allah forbid such defilement!"

Ghoolam Rasool, which being interpreted signifies the Slave of the Prophet, was seated in the hall of his mud fort on the bank of the Indus. A man of iron thews and sinews, he was totally destitute of scruples. By reason of the fierce disposition which he shared with that denizen of the jungle, he was popularly known as "The Tiger." Besides being a Syud, or lineal descendant of the Prophet Mahomed, he was regarded with wide-spread awe and veneration as chief of the clan Jatol. His aim in life was to maintain

his ancestral independence, and as far as might be to withstand the authority of the British Raj.

The Tiger was seated on a string bed. Two attendants standing beside him stirred the heavy air with fans of scented khus-khus; and a crowd of myrmidons and flatterers sat facing him in a half-circle on the floor. Pathans and Beloochis were these by descent; incurable bullies and ruffians by nature. Law to them meant something to be defied; life stood for something to be taken when desirable. And now all were consumed with anger at the indignity that was in store for their chieftain.

"Say it over again, Abdoolla!" roared the Tiger. "And beware that no lie crosses thy lips, lest they be cut off!"

"Bismillah," replied Abdoolla, standing with folded hands before his lord, "how could a falsehood issue from this slave's mouth in the presence of the great one? This is the truth: that a summons is issued for Syud Ghoolam Rasool Jatol to appear in the magistrate's court on a charge of removing the landmark of Ali Mahomed of Mirpur. This slave heard the order for the summons given to the head-moonshi."

If a Roman Catholic cardinal in the dark ages, or the robber chief of a castle on the Rhine, had been ordered to appear before a civil court on a criminal charge the insult could not have been greater. Was a descendant of the prophet and the head of the Jatols to submit to this outrage?

"By the beard of the prophet," thundered Ghoolam Rasool, "this word is not to be endured. What counsel have ye to give?"

"Kill the magistrate and burn his court-house," said a fire-eater named Hyder Ali.

"Let them send a lakh of summonses, and pay no heed to them," suggested Inayatoola, a more cautious villain.

"The first thing is to slay Ali Mahomed, and seize his crops and his cattle and his women," said a blood-thirsty young swashbuckler named Daud; and a dozen others were ready with as many schemes in which violence was the predominating feature.

"Enough, enough!" said the Tiger. "This is the order. Whoever dares to serve a summons on Ghoolam Rasool shall disappear from the world, man and horse, gun and saddle. There shall be a living death for the luckless one: and no sign of his life or his death shall be known to his father or his children."

"Wah wah!" ejaculated the chorus

of sycophants, "this is an excellent saying. Who but Ghoolam Rasool could devise so admirable a plan?"

Then the Tiger unfolded to his merry men the details of his design; and they were filled with delight as they learnt his devilish intentions. What these were is to be seen.

The same afternoon there rode up to the mud fort on the river bank head-constable Azimoola, who was reputed to be one of the smartest officers in the Shahdadpur Police. His khaki uniform fitted his well-knit figure to perfection; and his accoutrements gleamed in the brilliant sunshine. He was mounted on a handsome almond-colored Persian horse which he cherished as his own child. He halted at the threshold of the fort, and politely explained to Hyder Ali and Daud, who were seated on a wooden bench smoking their hookahs and playing pacheesi, that he desired an interview with Ghoolam Rasool on government business.

"Beshuk, certainly," said Hyder Ali with equal politeness. "His honor shall be informed of the request."

So saying he entered the fort and speedily returned with an intimation that his master would receive the head-constable at once. Azimoola dismounted, and leaving his horse with Daud, followed Hyder Ali into the presence of the Tiger. He gave a precise military salute, and produced the summons.

"This order of the court was entrusted to this humble one!" he said respectfully, "to be shown to your honor and returned to the magistrate with your honor's signature."

"Who should disregard an order of the court?" said Ghoolam Rasool, with the blandest of smiles. "What doth this order contain?"

"Your honor's attendance is requested at the court on the thirteenth of this month, to-day being the third.

There is a charge brought by Ali Mahomed of Mirpur that his landmark has been removed."

"Inshalla tolla!" shouted the Tiger, "without doubt I shall be present to expose the falsity of this charge. Who shall say that Ghoolam Rasool feared to meet his enemy face to face? The magistrate shall do me justice, and mete out to this eater of lies the punishment that he deserves. This is a fortunate day, and you are welcome to my house!"

Azimoola was astonished at this unlooked-for attitude. He had been prepared for a volley of abuse, and an indignant refusal to obey the summons; he raised his right hand smartly to the salute.

The Tiger called for pen and ink that he might affix his signature. He could sign his name in flowing Persian characters; but this was the extent of his literary attainments.

"It would be well to read out the order of the honorable court," he said to the head-constable, "so that complete understanding may be attained. Be pleased to stand beside me and deliver the contents."

Azimoola did what was asked, reciting the formalities of the document in a clear sonorous voice. As his eyes were fixed upon the paper several of the attendants who had been standing behind the Tiger moved forward silently as though the better to hear what was being read.

"It is well," said the Tiger. "Now show me where to sign."

Ghoolam Rasool took the summons from Azimoola, who bent down to point to the seated Syud the exact spot for his signature. The pen slipped from the Tiger's fingers and fell on the floor. Azimoola stooped low to pick it up. The Tiger raised his right hand, and in a moment half a dozen brawny ruffians threw themselves upon Azi-

moolla and held him to the ground. He struggled manfully, but resistance was unavailing. He was securely pinioned, and a gag placed in his mouth.

"Thou son of abominable parents," roared the Tiger, "offspring of a vile father and a disgraceful mother! How hast thou the audacity to insult Ghoolam Rasool the Jatol in his own halls? Thou shalt be sorry for the day that thou wast born, and long for the hour of thy death."

The Tiger then called for food and drink, and he and his myrmidons regaled themselves on curries and pillaos while they scoffed and mocked at the head-constable who was lying helpless in a corner of the room. Having satisfied their appetites they smoked their hookahs and passed the time in agreeable conversation until night had fallen. Then they proceeded to carry out the Tiger's nefarious scheme. Bearing with them a number of spades and shovels they sallied forth into the darkness. Azimoola, bound hand and foot, and deprived of every vestige of his uniform, was strapped upon a camel and in this pitiful state he was led along beside the Tiger and his merry men, some of whom rode horses and ponies while others went on foot. They followed a sandy track which at some three miles distance from the mud fort joined the great high road which spanned the province of Sind from north to south. The head-constable's horse was ridden at a walk by Daud. This engaging young swash-buckler did not follow the track, but rode a hundred yards or so parallel to it, so that the horse's footprints might not be disturbed by other traffic. The reason for this will be seen. Daud gradually diverged further from the track, and finally arrived at the highway a quarter of a mile to the south of its junction with the branch road. He then, according to his instructions,

rode back to where the two roads joined. Here the rest of the party awaited him; and they proceeded together for a short distance to the north. The road was inches deep in sand and dust, and so thickly covered with the confused prints of innumerable people and animals that to recognize the marks left by any individual man or beast would be an absolute impossibility.

"This is a suitable place," said Ghoolam Rasool; "get to work quickly. Let two of you stand thirty paces to the north, and two others thirty paces to the south; and if any traveller approaches bid him pass round through the jungle as there is a dead camel on the road and its burden is being unloaded."

Quick as thought a dozen men with their spades and shovels commenced removing the surface of the road; and as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness Azimoola could perceive from his seat on the camel that a great pit about nine feet square was being rapidly excavated. What did this extraordinary proceeding mean? What dreadful fate was destined for him? Was it his grave that they were digging? His soul seemed well nigh torn out of his body in the agony of his despair. Deeper and deeper grew the pit as the earth was thrown out, and before long the depth was equal to its width.

"Enough, enough!" said the Tiger. "How liketh thou the prospect, Azimoola Khan Behadur? Wouldst rather that we tear thee limb from limb, or bury thee alive? Of a truth it was a fortunate day thou camest to my poor house, thou son of a burnt father! Nay, but a worse fate is reserved for thee. Now, Daud bring hither the horse of this pestilent one."

The head-constable's gallant Persian steed, the veritable apple of his eye, was led to the edge of the pit. Gagged,

bound hand and foot, and strapped to this thrice accursed camel, Azimoola could but watch on events in deadly terror, wondering what hideous tragedy was to be enacted. He had not long to wait. A few swift gashes from two sharp knives and with a heavy thud the unfortunate horse fell into the pit, moaning in his death agony as the life blood poured in a torrent from his veins. Prevented from moving a limb by his pitiless bonds, unable to utter a sound by the cruel gag, Azimoola could only writhe in horror, and eat his heart with impotent rage at this unspeakable outrage on his cherished steed. The uniform and gun of the head-constable and the summons were flung after the horse. What was to be the next outrage? Was Azimoola to share his favorite's last resting-place? What worse fate could there be in store for him? Overwhelmed by his misery and helplessness he swooned away.

"Now," said the Tiger, "fill up the grave," and in a marvellously short time his men had replaced the earth which they had excavated, and levelled the surface. They scooped up dry sand and dust from the neighboring roadway and scattered it over the scene of their brutal atrocity. Then, for a quarter of an hour, man and horse tramped up and down, so that in the morning there would be nothing to suggest that anything unusual had occurred in the hours of the night. With a profusion of indecipherable footprints of men and animals in the dry sand there would be nothing to distinguish this section of the road from any other portion of the highway. Having taken these precautions the malefactors returned to the mud fort, laughing and jesting as they went. On their arrival Azimoola was thrown into a stifling underground cell whence escape was impossible. Here, to his surprise, he was unbound and ungagged, and supplied with bread and water. His

senses had returned to him, but his condition was pitiable. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He drank freely of the water to relieve his intolerable thirst, and after a while he partook of some of the bread. Refreshed in body if not in mind, he felt for the moment a sense of satisfaction at being left to himself, whatever the morrow might have in store for him. He recited the Kulma or profession of faith, and committing himself to the protection of Allah he stretched his cramped limbs upon the floor in the grateful prospect of a night's rest.

But his expectations were not to be realized. Sleep indeed came to him, and at first he rested peacefully. But soon, though still unconscious, he seemed to feel upon him the weight of an intolerable oppression. Hateful dreams crowded upon his brain. Horror upon horror caused him to start and tremble violently, while beads of cold perspiration stood upon his forehead. All through the ghastly series of visions one dreadful sensation never ceased to torture him. While all around were abundant springs of water he was devoured with a raging thirst which he was unable to gratify. Once in his tribulation, while still asleep, he rose and quaffed water from the earthenware jar in which it had been brought to him. But there was no relief. His brain was racked and tormented with phantasm after phantasm. He rolled this way and that in his distress. At length he woke up and strove to free himself from the hateful spell. His mouth and throat were burning like a furnace. He seized the water jar and put it to his lips, but the muscles of his throat were contracted, and he could not swallow a drop of the precious liquid. In his desperation he tried to call for help, but the voice that issued from his lips was hoarse and utterly changed from his own. Then indeed he suffered ex-

treme agony of soul. He knew now what was the worse fate that had been reserved for him. The detestable malice of his captors was revealed. The deadly datura was at work, the devilish poison that destroys a man's mind even if it spares his body. Would no one come and administer treatment before it was too late? How his pulse was racing! How irregular his breathing, at first direfully slow and then frightfully rapid! He stood up, but his lower extremities were becoming as it were paralyzed. He had no control over them. Would no one come while a remedy might yet be applied?

Yes, here was some one approaching. He was dimly conscious that the bolt of the door was being withdrawn, though the sound seemed hundreds of miles away, and he was aware that men carrying lights stood beside him. With a supreme mental effort he endeavored to appeal for help, that he might be saved from the calamity which had befallen him. To his unutterable horror there issued from his lips an unintelligible gibber, accompanied by a maudlin laugh. The virus was indeed conquering him. And then there fell upon his ears no friendly accents, no promise of relief, but a scornful yell of derision, and a torrent of contemptuous abuse. He was seized and carried from the cell up a flight of rough stairs, and placed in the brilliantly lit hall where sat the Tiger surrounded by his inhuman associates.

"Now serve the summons, most honorable officer of the Police," shouted Ghoolam Rasool.

Azimoola was no longer able to withstand the influence of the hateful drug. His senses deserted him. To the delight of the spectators he reeled about like a drunken man, vociferating incoherently, now moaning as in distress, now wildly laughing. In his delirium the miserable wretch snatched

incessantly at invisible objects in the air, and drew out imaginary threads from the ends of his fingers. The Tiger and his companions roared with laughter at his varied and ridiculous antics, though the pitiful condition of the man was such as to have melted a heart of stone. Then his limbs were affected with muscular rigidity, so that it was with difficulty that he could be placed on a chair: and the fiends laughed the louder at this strange condition.

In ancient days in India a poison known as "poust" was frequently administered to royal princes who, by rebellion or near relationship, had rendered themselves obnoxious to the throne. In such horror was the poust held that one of the young princes who had rebelled against the Emperor Aurangzebe when brought into the monarch's presence, pleaded that he might rather be killed at once than be made to drink the mind-destroying poison. This poust was a preparation of datura.

The effects of datura, which are frequently fatal if no remedy is applied, are in their early stages amenable to treatment. The Tiger had no intention of prematurely losing his victim. He preferred rather to derive further amusement from his sufferings on subsequent occasions. So, for the time being, the curtain was rung down on the performance and antidotes given to the sufferer. Azimoola was taken back to his cell, and the worst symptoms were gradually mitigated. The next twenty-four hours were passed in a state of coma. But when he returned to consciousness his memory was gone. The whole of his former life was obliterated, and all knowledge of his identity was lost. His hair and beard had turned grey, and in the drivelling old man no one would have recognized the smart head-constable.

While the victim of his hideous

cruelty lay in a poisoned stupor, the Tiger, accompanied by an imposing retinue, rode off to the magistrate's court. He there made a long and circumstantial complaint against Ali Mahomed of trespassing upon his land and seizing his corps. In consequence, a cross summons was issued against Ali Mahomed for appearance on the same day that Ghoolam Rasool had been ordered to be present. The Tiger then sent word to Ali Mahomed of what he had done, with an intimation that it was desirable to settle the dispute between them without the derogatory intervention of the hated court. Ali Mahomed saw the wisdom of this suggestion, and both summonses were accordingly withdrawn.

Great was the surprise and consternation of the Police at the total disappearance of Azimoola. The Inspector, with a couple of subordinates, went to make inquiries at the mud fort. The Tiger received the officer with the utmost civility. Yes, certainly, the summons had been served by Azimoola, and duly signed by Ghoolam Rasool in acceptance of service. Who was he, that he should fail to obey the order of the honorable court? Had he not shown himself on all occasions a zealous and faithful servant of the government? Azimoola had leisurely ridden away from his house, and there were the departing footprints of his horse, in witness of the fact. As to what could subsequently have happened to him Ghoolam Rasool could hazard no conjecture. But, he reminded the Inspector, there had been a case of a Police officer riding off with his horse and equipments into the territory of a foreign potentate who had shown no inclination to send back the deserter. With this poor crumb of comfort the disconcerted Inspector had to return to his station. Inquiries were made in every direction, but they led to noth-

ing, and the affair remained shrouded in mystery.

At first the Tiger had from time to time diverted himself by administering further doses of the noxious datura to his prisoner, and witnessing the ludicrous antics that resulted from its deadly powers. But, after a while, he ceased to take an interest in this gentle pastime; and not caring any longer to retain in his fort this distorted semblance of a man, he sent him away on a camel in charge of the trusted Daud. This faithful emissary, for three consecutive nights, travelled by circuitous tracks in the jungle, halting for rest in sequestered places during the day. Before daybreak on the third morning Daud deposited his charge on the outskirts of a town sixty miles from the Tiger's habitation, and then returned to his master's fort. In the early morning, two brothers found by the roadside an emaciated old man with a long grey beard. His clothing consisted of only a few rags. When they approached him he shrank back as if in apprehension of being struck, and put up his hands in a supplicatory posture. He could not tell them his name or whence he had come. With the charity that is characteristic of the East they took him to their home and ministered to his needs. In course of time their kindness had its effect. The stranger appeared to lose his sense of timidity, and displayed the greatest anxiety to repay his benefactors for all that they had done for him. He fetched wood and water, swept out the house, and tended the goats. And he never omitted to recite the Kulma and perform the prostrations ordered by his prophet. He gradually attracted the notice of the townspeople; and the two brothers were congratulated on their good fortune in having bestowed their charity on so useful and worthy an individual. Now, in the town, there was a very famous

mosque to which many thousands of pilgrims came from all parts to pay their vows. It chanced that after Azimoola had been with his masters for two years the sweeper who cleaned the mosque died, and the chief moolah asked the brothers to allow their harmless and pious servant to take his place. Sorry as they were to lose him, they could not say no to this request. So Azimoola took up his new duties, and pleased every one by his assiduous devotion and care. As he could not tell them his name, the moollahs decided to call him Mahomed Bux, or the Gift of Mahomed.

There was a great gathering of the faithful at the mosque on the occasion of the last day of the Mohurram, or the Mahometan Lent, and countless worshippers, high and low, rich and poor, had assembled for the ceremony. Beggars in rags passing through the courtyards of the sacred edifice jostled with wealthy zemindars, dressed in the most costly raiment, on terms of perfect equality. In the outer cloisters there were attractive stalls where might be purchased articles of bijouterie, mementoes of the place, and sweetmeats and sherbet for refreshment after the sun had set on the last day of the long fast. Mahomed Bux had more than enough to do to keep clean the sacred precincts; and he was busy here, there and everywhere with his besom, removing every speck of dust and dirt that was deposited on the marble pavements by the seething crowd. His work was done intuitively, automatically. His brain was passive, his mind inert.

What was this that suddenly disturbed him? In a vague way he was aware of a sense of uneasiness. What could it be? He had long ceased to reason or remember. What had now evoked some strange chord of memory, something of pain that he could not understand? He looked around in a

dazed and dreamy way, but his eyes lit upon nothing that could account for the unusual feeling which had come upon him. He resumed his occupation, but again he was aware of something unknown that cruelly hurt his head. Once more he looked about him, but saw nothing, though the pain grew more acute. But what was this that vibrated in his ears? The voice of a man at a distance, a harsh rasping voice. What did it remind him of? A chaos of thoughts revolved in his poor witless head. The voice again! Nearer now, much nearer! And then he saw. A flash of enlightenment seared his brain like an electric shock. In a moment he knew. He was no longer Mahomed Bux, the humble sweeper of the mosque: he was head-constable Azimoola, and there before him stood his enemy, Ghoolam Rasool, who had shrivelled up his very soul.

A fierce fire of consuming wrath flamed through his veins. He dashed aside the bystanders, and with a concentration of furious hatred threw himself upon the Tiger. The onslaught was so sudden and unexpected that no one could interfere. With a shout of "I am Azimoola," the head-constable seized Ghoolam Rasool by the throat, and with an overwhelming surge of strength hurled him upon the ground. The Tiger fought with all his might; and the two rolled on the pavement, locked together in a desperate struggle. There were shouts from the terrified crowd of "Police!" "Police!" and a party of officers and men rushed in to end the disorder. With great difficulty they succeeded in separating the combatants, and great was their amazement when they saw that it was the quiet and inoffensive sweeper of the mosque who had so savagely attacked the well-known Ghoolam Rasool.

"I am Azimoola, head-constable of the Shahdadpur Police," said Azi-

moolla, when he had recovered breath. "This man imprisoned me and robbed me of my reason, and killed my horse. I can show you where my horse and saddle and gun are buried under the high-road. Allah has restored my senses; and this Tiger, as they call him, shall pay the penalty of his crimes."

"The man is mad," said Ghoolam Rasool. "He is afflicted of God, and his words are as the wind. As for Azimoola, it was proved that he rode away from my house after he had served his summons. I bear no ill will to this old man, but he should be locked up in an asylum so that he attacks no more unoffending people."

The police were in a difficult position. What were they to believe? How could this aged sweeper be head-constable Azimoola, who a short time ago was in the prime of life? It seemed impossible. Yet there might be truth in what he said; and had he not promised to show where his horse was buried? But to arrest a man in the position of Ghoolam Rasool on what seemed an almost incredible statement was a delicate matter. Who knows what penalties they might not incur for the unwarranted apprehension of an influential zemindar?

"I am not mad, though I have been mad," said Azimoola, after the police had been conferring for a little time. "You doubt who I am, but I can tell you everything about the police-station, the work, and the men."

He did so. He described an ordinary day's routine, the official procedure, and the registers. He named the officers and men who had been above him and below him, and he showed himself familiar with their qualifications. The Police were astounded, and could no longer doubt. Their duty was clear, and they did it. Ghoolam Rasool was advised by the moollah of the mosque to submit to authority and

make no resistance. He was formally arrested and escorted to the nearest magistrate, whose court was twenty miles away; and a telegram was sent to the English head of the Police detailing the strange occurrence. His astonishment on reading the message was intense.

A few days later the head of the Police, and a magistrate, with Ghoolam Rasool and Azimoola, stood outside the mud fort on the bank of the Indus. Azimoola was to show his chief where his horse was buried. Would he be able to do so, or was he under some strange hallucination? They would soon learn. Unhesitatingly Azimoola led the party to the main road, pointing out how Daud had ridden his horse on one side of the sandy track so that the footprints might constitute false evidence of his owner's departure. Then to the north of the junction; and by some unfathomable intelligence Azimoola was able to identify the exact scene of the cruel tragedy. Men were set to work with spades and shovels; and there, beneath the road, were found the skeleton of a horse, and the saddle and uniform of a head-constable. What

The Cornhill Magazine.

was this too? A riding whip of peculiar shape which did not belong to Azimoola, but which was recognized as having been the property of Daud. A useful bit of evidence this!

There was a prolonged trial in the sessions court; and, despite his protestations that he was the victim of an abominable plot, the Tiger was sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment with a fine of two thousand rupees, and Daud to imprisonment for three years. Against the other scoundrels there was not sufficient evidence to secure a conviction. Azimoola, being physically unfit for further employment in the Police force, was granted a special pension. This he gratefully accepted; but of his own choice he returned to the mosque and resumed the humble position of sweeper, devoting his whole-hearted energy to the care of the sacred edifice. His duty is to him a labor of love. He lives contentedly on the scanty emoluments of his office, distributing his pension in charity among the poorer of the pilgrims who visit the shrine. He possesses a wide reputation for piety and saintliness.

Edmund C. Cox.

AMERICA UNDER THE MONEY TRUST.

The politics, public administration, and business life of the United States in recent years have been a Book of Revelations for the modern world. But none of the sensational disclosures of civic graft, police corruption, food adulteration, crooked insurance business, or tariff-rigging approach the importance attaching to the recent investigation of the "Money Trust" by the Pujo Committee at Washington. It has long been evident that the seat of modern economic dominion is occupied no longer by the great merchant,

manufacturer, or other specialized capitalist, but by the directors or controllers of general economic power in the fluid form of money and credit. For the profitable conduct—nay, the very existence—of all great modern industrial and commercial businesses, factories, mines, railways, mercantile businesses, and the like, depends upon free and easy access to the main conduit-pipes of money, alike for the supply of capital and of temporary accommodation in the shape of loans, advances, and discounts. So it comes

about that the financiers, who have the handling of great masses of money, are more and more the masters of the business world, determining the development of territories, feeding or starving whole industries, making or marring the fortunes of populations. Equal access to credit upon reasonable terms is as essential to the conduct of any modern business as facilities of transport or of market. These considerations make it evident that a trust or combination which can get control of the supply of credit, so as to determine the amount, the direction, and the price of its supply, will be able to exercise a despotic power over business, and to exact an enormous toll from the productive classes.

It has long been notorious that in America, the classic land of industrial evolution, where the logic of "free competition" has had largest liberty to work itself out, a little knot of financiers, controlling the chief banks, insurance companies, and trust companies, had well-nigh achieved this position of monopoly. One or two of them, such as Mr. J. P. Morgan, had always been bankers and financiers. Others had originally been railway men or organizers of some special line of industry or commerce, such as oil, sugar, or beef, and were led later into general finance, partly through their private investments, partly by the interests in railroad enterprise which they found it useful to acquire. There was not a complete identity of interests among the members of this knot of financiers, and the particular interests of some of them retained in special railroads or in other stocks, sometimes split them up and led to acute warfare. But the sense of the solidarity of supreme finance has been growing, and the frank admissions made to the Committee fully justify the grave apprehensions with which good citizens and cautious business

men are coming to regard the situation. Great audacity and great opportunity have conspired to hand over the keys of economic dominion to a tiny ring of men, among whom it seems that Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Stillman, and Mr. G. F. Baker constitute a sort of supreme junta. The control appears to be exercised through various instruments. Sometimes we hear of trust agreements, by means of which five men (three of whom are "connected up" with Morgan & Co.) control two of New York's greatest financial institutions—the Bankers' Trust Company and the Guarantee Trust Company, with aggregate deposits amounting to nearly \$400,000,000. The organization of Clearing Houses is another instrument of power for the ring in control of its Committee, who can either refuse admission to a bank they desire to injure, or can exercise their right to examine the books of banks in competition with those which they control. The more usual machinery of combination is either by means of "holding companies," in which some general financial corporation acquires a controlling number of shares in other corporations, or else through the device of "interlocking directorates." Evidence was adduced to show that eighteen big financial institutions in New York, Chicago, and Boston were associated with no fewer than 139 other corporations through interlocking directorates, controlling capital amounting to the gigantic figure of \$25,325,000,000. The feasibility of such colossal combinations is made more intelligible by the enormous size which some of the separate units have attained. For example, the assets of the four great insurance companies in New York are computed at \$4,318,000,000 in 1911.

Though no absolute monopoly of money or credit can be affirmed, the evidence brought out before the Com-

mission shows real substance in the oft-derided notion of a "Money Trust." It is pretty clear that, in this supreme and most essential of all markets, effective liberty of competition has been displaced by combination. Though the examining attorney of the Committee, Mr. Untermeyer, put into his examination an animus which not unnaturally evoked the resentment of some witnesses, the facts disclosed fairly bear out the definition which he gave of a money trust:

"Suppose we define a money trust as an established identity and community of interest between a few leaders of finance, which has been created and is held together through stockholders, interlocking directorates, and other forms of domination over banks, trust companies, railroads, public service and industrial corporations, and which has resulted in vast and growing concentration and control of money and credit in the hands of a comparatively few men."

If these comparatively few men were working and competing as independent units, the mere size of the financial institutions they represented might not matter. But it is clear that genuine competition has disappeared or is disappearing. Mr. Baker, in examination, admits that he, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Stillman, are "interested in many vast financial enterprises." He himself, President of the First National Bank, "thought" he held about fifty other directorates. He "could see no objection to one man holding directorates that might compete," or in linking up under the same *personnel* the ownership of mines, railroads, and banks.

But probably the most conclusive practical evidence of the non-competitive state of such finance is afforded by the recent dividends paid by the First National Bank. Varying since 1874 from 20 to 126 per cent, they have reached in the last four years the

handsome figure of 226 per cent. No wonder the management of this bank was described by Mr. Baker as "a sort of happy family." In his examination, Mr. Morgan candidly admitted that he preferred "combination to competition." "I like a little competition, but I like combination better. I would like to say something right here that I may not have a chance to say again. Without control, you can't do a thing. Control is the important thing." Mr. Morgan could, however, admit no danger in the present state of things, and no reason why the public should want to interfere by way of Government control. To one question of Mr. Untermeyer he gave an interesting reply, which sheds clear light upon his general attitude of mind. "You believe in concentrated power?" he was asked. "Well, that is a question of personal power, of personality," and then he proceeded to explain how, in loaning money, he went not upon technical security so much as on the borrower's "character." All who have followed Mr. Morgan's own career know that his own personal power as a financier has been built up very largely by just this element of personal confidence reposed in his judgment, skill, and good faith, by rich men who had money at their disposal.

But the questions pressed upon his colleague, Mr. Baker bring out the precariousness of such a defence. After admitting that the "concentration" of finance had "gone about far enough," Mr. Baker was asked, "You think it would be dangerous to go further?" His reply was, "It might not be dangerous, but still it has gone about far enough. In good hands, I do not say that it would do any harm. If it got into bad hands, it would be very bad." "If it got into bad hands, it would wreck the country?" was the following question, to which was given the evidently reluctant answer, "Yes;

but I do not believe it could get into bad hands." Then Mr. Untermeyer pressed home the sharp point of his inquiry to an admission which, to every thinking person, is conclusive of the perils of the situation. "I am not speaking of incompetent hands. We are speaking of the concentration, which has come about and the power that it brings with it, getting into the hands of very ambitious men, perhaps not over-scrupulous. You see a peril in that, do you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "So that the safety, if you think there is any safety in the situation, really lies in the *personnel* of the men?" "Very much." "Do you think," continued Mr. Untermeyer, "that is a comfortable situation for a great country to be in?" "Not entirely," said Mr. Baker, very slowly.

The Nation.

The law and practice of our banking do not favor the growth of such manifest perils of finance. But we have no reason to feel complacent in view of the rapid amalgamation and concentration of our banks, and their ever closer and larger relations with insurance and trust companies, and with the finance of the Stock Exchange. The control of the effective supply of money and of credit is a prime necessity of commercial life. But it has been allowed to pass into the hands of a small number of great financial businesses, endowed with many of the same opportunities for substituting combination for healthy competition, and for earning profits and dividends out of all proportion to services rendered, which have been the subject of these dramatic revelations in America.

LA PAIX.

"La Paix Universelle!" exclaims M. Durand, nearing the close of a discourse on a subject dear to him. "There is the end towards which we must strive. To think that the Powers of Europe should have meditated for a moment on the infamy of fighting each other because of the quarrels of a group of small states speaking strange tongues in a half-civilized corner of Europe! C'est fantastique! France has no quarrel with Germany. Nor has England. Eh bien, restons en paix!" And having settled the matter to his entire satisfaction M. Durand calls out energetically "Garçon, encore deux bocks!"

We are sitting on the crowded terrace of a boulevard café, near the grateful warmth of a huge brasier, and the talk has turned on the inevitable subject of the European situation. The evening papers are full of it, but not so charged with the subject

as M. Durand. He has dim memories of "L'année terrible," and war, he always says, is stupid, and an infamy. He has been to Berlin on business. "C'est un peuple étonnant," he says, and he has little sympathy with the campaign waged daily in the Press against "Made in Germany." He was a little disturbed by the "coup d'Agadir," being above all a good Frenchman, in spite of his dreams of universal peace. But diplomacy solved the difference, he says, and diplomacy and goodwill can be relied upon to solve any other that may arise. The Conference of Ambassadors in London has aroused his keenest enthusiasm. It is the triumph of his own point of view, the vindication of all his fond theories, which in these electric days of "the New France" need courage to maintain them. "That is the way towards progress" he says exultingly. "Your Sir Edward has done excel-

lently. The peoples of Europe do not want war. Let their leaders and rulers only give themselves the trouble to understand each other, and there will be no more wars. *Jamais!*"

It is thus that he has talked, sipping his bock, while the endless boulevard crowd drifts before us. And he has hardly brought his words to a vigorous conclusion when we become aware that there is some disturbance proceeding inside the crowded café behind us. There is the sound of a loud, angry voice, and heads are turned from all directions. But whatever is passing is hidden from us, although we can see by the signs of excitement on the faces of those who are better placed that it is an affair of some importance. M. Durand is immediately interested. "*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, à l'intérieur?*" he asks as Pierre, our stout waiter, hurries past. Pierre, without replying, disappears inside the café, where the loud voice is still heard, but a minute later he reappears and brings news.

It seems, says Pierre, that there is a German in there, accompanied by a German lady, no doubt his wife, and sitting at the next table is a client of the house well known to Pierre, an officier de réserve, who is there every evening. For some reason, of which Pierre is ignorant, a quarrel has arisen, and the officier de réserve is even at this moment standing up with his fist in the German's face, calling him *sale Prussien*, and all the other insults he can think of. "*Tiens!*" exclaims M. Durand with excitement. "*And what is he doing, this German?*" "*He has done nothing,*" Pierre replies. He is also standing up, with a very white face, staring at the waving fist of his aggressor, but he has not uttered a word. "*Très bien, très bien!*" exclaims M. Durand. And Pierre, with a shout of "*V'là, m'sieu!*" hurries away.

The voice has died down abruptly, and suddenly in the doorway appears a well-built man of forty, his face red with anger. It is evidently the officier de réserve, for as he reaches the doorway he turns round as if to stride back into the café. But a friend with him lays a restraining hand on his arm. "*Allons, be reasonable,*" he says persuasively. "*He has done nothing, after all.*" With difficulty the officier de réserve is coaxed on to the terrace, where every eye is bent upon him. But again his anger breaks out, and he addresses himself precipitately to the crowd at the tables, his face aflame. "*Un sale Allemand qui m'a insulté!*" he cries, his hand thrown out appealingly. "*He laughed in my face, and made remarks to the woman who accompanies him. Ah, non, c'est insupportable, messieurs! Un Prussien! I've called him all I can think of, and he does not say a word. One word only, and I would have struck him. Un Prussien!*" The cause of the quarrel is still sufficiently obscure, but the intense anger of the officier de réserve is plain enough. There must, then, be good reason for his anger. A murmur of sympathy goes up. "*Vous avez raison, monsieur,*" boldly exclaims a portly bourgeois at a table, and the phrase becomes a chorus. "*Il a raison*" goes up from several tables. "*Parfaitement, j'ai raison!*" cries the officier de réserve, his flame of anger fanned to a white heat by the sympathy of those around. "*And, messieurs,*" he continues with sudden resolution, "*I rest here. Je l'attends. Wait until he comes out. We shall see!*" Vainly the friend tries to persuade him to leave. He is obdurate. He plumps down into a chair immediately by the doorway. "*J'y suis, j'y reste!*" he exclaims dramatically. "*He shall not escape me!*" A little crowd of people has gathered on the footpath. The "*consommateurs*" at the tables discuss the affair

with animation. The men explain the whole matter fully to their wives. "Here is a German who has insulted this gentleman, *alors*—" and the wave of the hand is eloquent of the great principle that honor must be satisfied; of the impossibility of allowing a German so to conduct himself with a Frenchman. The women cast sympathetic glances at the *officier de réserve* as he sits glowering in his chair. Here and there one can still hear "Certainement, *qu'il a raison!*"

Minutes pass, and all eyes are on the door. The air is charged with tension and excitement, and there is hardly a sound on the terrace. "I feel sorry for this German. He does not appear to have done much," says M. Durand. And then a thrill runs through the watchers as the *officier de réserve* is seen suddenly to jump up and walk to the pavement, where he takes up a forbidding attitude, his gaze directed to the interior of the café. In the doorway appears a slim young man in *pince-nez* and with close-cropped hair, followed by a neatly dressed and rather pretty young woman. The German sees his waiting enemy as he reaches the doorway, and stiffens. It is a trying moment for him. Scores of hostile eyes gaze at him, and he is very pale as he walks through the silent people at the tables. And as he reaches the pavement and faces his enemy once more, the *officier de réserve* bends forward and hisses something at him.

Whatever it is, the German understands, and his face flushes as he recalls a step. In that moment the *officier de réserve* steps forward, his fist raised to strike. And then a most unexpected thing happens. The slim young German, his face suddenly contorted with passion, leaps on his enemy, and with an incredibly swift right and left strikes the *officier de réserve* full in the face and knocks

him, dazed and bewildered, right across the pavement, where he collapses against a newspaper kiosk. A gasp of astonishment goes up from the people at the tables. The surprising thing has all happened in a second, and before the *officier de réserve* has recovered himself the German and his companion have wisely left the scene and disappeared down the boulevard.

The *officier de réserve* is incoherent and almost tearful as he stands once more in the centre of the pavement. His face bears evidence of the force of his opponent's blows, and one eye is closed. His expression is one of blank amazement, and he stutters broken phrases. "*Mon Dieu . . . comment . . . le cochon!*" He is surrounded immediately by people from the terrace, who condole with him as he pats his face gently with a handkerchief, and there are cries that it is lucky for the German that he has escaped. "*Le sale Prussien!*" exclaims the astonished man brokenly. "Could one have believed!" And suddenly into the circle of sympathizers pushes a faded little woman in black, the keeper of the newspaper kiosk. "I saw it all!" she cries shrilly, shaking her fist in the face of the unhappy hero. "And are you not ashamed? A stranger, even if he is a German, who is here all alone. To attack him in such fashion! Ah! *vous l'avez bien mérité!*" The circle of sympathizers turns away, abashed. And the *officier de réserve*, staring stupidly at the woman out of his one eye, laughs hysterically. "Ah, I like that! *J'en ai encalssé deux*"—and he puts a hand to his injured face—"et des belles! And you, a Frenchwoman, come and side with this Prussian! Ah! It needed only that! *Merci, madame, merci mille fois!*" And bowing ironically he picks up his hat and walks away, utterly broken and bewildered. An *agent-de-police* appears and looks

round, for an explanation of the disturbance, but there is nothing left for him to do.

"That is an excellent, an admirable woman!" observes M. Durand. And stepping over to the kiosk where the little woman, still boiling with indignation, a picture of honest fury, has

The Saturday Review.

resumed her patient vigil, he purchases the "Temps." And then: "Madame," he says, raising his hat, "I honor you for what you have done. The fact that a man is a German is no reason for his being massacred in the heart of Paris. Et vive la paix!"

H. Collinson Owen.

FIDO.

Last week the idea came to me in a bright moment to call upon Suzanne and make her an offer of marriage, and as it was four in the afternoon I decided to put on my best suit and commence immediately. Ushered into her mother's drawing-room, I found her alone on the sofa holding in her lap what appeared at first sight to be a piece of hearthrug.

"Hullo, James, dear old thing," she said, "come and be introduced to Marmaduke."

I advanced and poked the object with some idea of discovering its nature.

It gave vent to a horrible squeal, and I sprang back in alarm.

"My goodness," I said, "the thing's alive."

"Of course it is. What did you expect?"

I approached again and looked at it closely.

"But what is it?" I asked.

"Why, it's a dog, of course."

"A dog!"

"Yes, a dog. What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was a pen-wiper."

Suzanne pouted.

"You're a very fine dog, aren't you?" she said, addressing the insect.

"Good old Fido," I said.

"His name isn't Fido," said Suzanne. "It's Marmaduke."

"Oh! What makes you think that?"

"Why, bless the man," she exclaimed, "I called him Marmaduke, so he is Marmaduke, isn't he?"

"No," I said, "he isn't. I always call dogs Fido; and I see no reason now to abandon the custom, so I shall continue to speak of him as Fido."

Suzanne made a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, well, ring for tea anyway," she said.

I had got the best of the argument, and I rejoiced about it at the time, but I am inclined to think that a little diplomacy would perhaps have been wiser.

I had not however called upon Suzanne that afternoon for the sole purpose of putting her right in the matter of her dog's name. I had a more delicate feat to perform, and, while wearing an air of easy nonchalance and touching lightly on the topics of the day, I deftly approached the question which lay so near my heart.

With the advent of tea I began to skirmish about the bush.

I helped myself to a fair-sized muffin. It is a good thing to have something substantial to hold on to in a crisis.

"You may have noticed, my dear Suzanne," I began, "that I have been paying you what I may describe as marked attentions for no little time."

I took a bite of muffin and gazed at her over the top of it to observe the effect of my words.

"I come round here on fine afternoons," I pursued, "when I might be—working. I take you to dances and for your sake endure sleepless nights—and—sleepy days. I give you boxes of chocolates in season and out of season. In short, I would appear to be decidedly . . . *épris* . . . if you know the word . . ."

"Of course I know the word," she interrupted. "Why, I believe you learnt it from me."

"Possibly," I said. "But that is beside the point. The point is why—why do I do all this?"

"Goodness knows."

"I will tell you. It is because I am, in fact . . . *épris*."

Suzanne, overcome with sweet modest blushes, gazed with downcast eyes at Fido curled up in her lap, and vouchsafed no reply.

"And yet," I continued, "neither your father nor your mother has made bold to ask me my intentions. Rather singular, isn't it?"

I took another bite of muffin.

"I might, without exaggeration, say very singular."

"In their absence," said Suzanne, "I must apologize for them. They are both a little forgetful."

"That may be," I replied with dignity, "but it remains to be said that most men would have taken advantage of this and gone off and been lost altogether. However," I added, "I am made of different stuff or cast in a different mould—I forget which—and I have come here to-day to make a voluntary declaration."

"You overwhelm me!" exclaimed Suzanne.

"I ought perhaps to tell you that this is not at all the sort of marriage I expected to contract when I started out in life. I thought then that I should probably wed a society beauty and have my photograph in *The Teller* . . . but somehow you have crept into

my heart—or whatever the technical expression is—and . . . and, in short, I . . . love you."

At this critical point in my declaration Suzanne, shaken no doubt by a very natural emotion, split some hot tea on to Fido. It was, of course, a pure accident, but the little beast worked itself up into a fearful state about it, squealing in a more horrible manner than before.

She caught it up in her arms, kissing it and begging to be forgiven.

"My poor darling! Was it scalded, then?"

It was too much.

"Come, come," I said, "you really must leave your toys alone now and attend to me. Let us put Fido away in the cupboard."

Suzanne stood up, panting with indignation. Then she gnashed her little teeth. I became alarmed. It seemed as if no language would occur to her mind sufficiently frightful to meet the situation.

I felt somehow at the time that it was not a propitious moment for my proposal, but I had put my hand to the plough, and I am of the race that, having done this, never lets go.

"Joking apart," I said, "I love you, and I want you to be my wife."

There was a long, a very long pause. You could have heard a pin drop. (But I have observed that in real life pins rarely fall at such times.)

"My wife," I repeated. "Think of that."

Suzanne gazed at me in solemn silence. She was, to all appearances, thinking of it. Then she kissed Fido.

"You may have the refusal of me for seven days," I added. "An option."

She re-seated herself, and spoke at last with great deliberation.

"Marmaduke and I," she said, "take the very earliest opportunity of declining your kind offer."

I could hardly believe my ears. A lifelong confidence in those features was rudely shaken.

"But surely," I cried, "surely you love me?"

Suzanne looked me straight in the face, with an expression of perfect candor in her big blue eyes.

"Yes, James," she said, "I do. I will not conceal the fact. I love you deeply."

"Then why," I exclaimed, "why this diffidence? It is due to some girlish whim."

"No, James," she replied, "it is the mature decision of a woman ripe in years and wisdom."

I could not understand her attitude. It is a matter of common knowledge that Suzanne is only nineteen.

"I need a second muffin," I said. "This unlooked-for development finds me unprepared."

With tears in her eyes she handed me the muffin dish.

"Now," I said, "if you love me what is the impediment to our marriage? I know of no family feud. Can it be Eugenics? Is it that I am a confirmed muffin-eater?"

She shook her head.

"It is because you do not really love me," she said.

I gasped. I could think of no adequate reply. I had so obviously been in love with her for weeks.

"Will you kindly explain?" I said at last with a sort of calm resignation.

"How shall I begin?" she asked.

"Begin with a few introductory bars," I said patiently, "and then an-
Punch.

nounce the principal theme *con amore* on the wood-wind."

"Well," she said, "you know the old saw or adage that goes, 'Love me, love my dog'?"

I felt misgivings.

"Yes. Well?"

"Do you love Marmaduke? Assuredly not. Then how can you love me?"

I felt competent to deal with the difficulty. I can depart from the truth as gracefully as most men when the occasion demands it.

"Indeed," I said impressively, "I have the greatest affection for Fido."

"How do you show it?" You come in here this afternoon and greet him with a heartless prod. You wilfully mistake him for a pen-wiper. Subsequently you propose putting him away in the cupboard, and, worst of all, you insist on calling him Fido when you know his name is Marmaduke."

I saw that the evidence was strongly against me. I tried another line of defence.

"After all," I said, "what are proverbs? Wise men make them and F-F-Fido repeats them."

Suzanne raised her eyebrows.

"Marmaduke, I presume you mean?"

At this moment the door opened and a lady visitor came in.

"Back at last," she said; "and thanks so much, dear, for looking after my darling pet."

Suzanne introduced me.

"Is that your dog?" I asked. "Such a nice affectionate little thing. And what do you call it?"

"Topsy."

THE PHOENIX OF AESTHETICS.

Some time ago Bernard Shaw remarked that the man who believed in "art for art's sake" was a fool. That evening the moon shone as usual, for

the universe has that dull way of going on just as it did before Bernard Shaw discovered his mission. One would have thought that "art for art's

sake" had been swiftly, surgically, silently killed; but the truth is, you may burn the doctrine publicly in the market-place every week, and it will rise again each time from the ashes with just the same expression on its face. At the present instant there are scores of young men in Paris who would fight duels, swallow strychnine, or jump from the towers of Notre Dame if by so doing they could advance the high cause of "l'art pour l'art."

You should hear the long-haired reprobate of the Quartier. "I don't want pictures that preach to me!" he declares warmly. "Give me l'art pour l'art. Better have the 'Gloconda' smuggled out of the Louvre than sermons smuggled in." Or, again, listen to what the velvet cloak outside the Comédie is saying: "What! do you mean to tell me that art should be moral—literature, for example? Why, my friend, your little English chapel tracts must then be ranked above the 'Fleurs du Mal.' It is at the last ridiculous." "Oh, I do hate," says the slim youth of the café, his long white fingers toying with his absinthe glass, "but my God, I do hate the abominable descriptive music—the music of shipwrecks, storms, battles, and such things! Every man now must always live in 1812. Pah! give me l'art pour l'art." "Subject," says another, "why, it is nothing. It is only the treatment, the manner, that is important. You combine the colors—the art for the art—and what does it matter if a master paints the ruins of Babylon or merely the ruins of his mistress' complexion?" "Yes, but in the Luxembourg?"—"Ah, yes," he resumes blandly, "sometimes for a jest the artist of actuality serves himself of a pretty story that he may mock himself of the English tourist." "As for utility," declares another, "pray what may be the use, for example, of the Tenth Sonata or of the

Sphinx? It is necessary to be silent; for art—well, it is useless. It exists only for art."

Now I have the greatest personal regard for these passionate young men. But Bernard Shaw, whom I respect more, considers them fools; and of course he is right. These ravishing minor poets, hearing of a new religion, have chosen that interpretation of it which excuses their human weaknesses. Each feels by instinct that so long as art for art's sake flourishes, his absinthe, or his mistress, or his Baudelaire is quite, quite safe. At the risk of grieving these amiable people, let us try to arrive at a more exact understanding of the phrase.

The many paradoxes of the aesthetes seem to have their genesis in the idea that music (which is all form) is the type of all the arts. Walter Pater elaborated this idea with his customary eloquence. He threw a glamor over the notion that captivated Oscar Wilde. Stevenson, in a charming essay, tracked down the mystical beauties of *Kubla Khan* to an intricate repetition of sounds. A whole school of writers in France became enthusiastic. Whistler insisted on calling his pictures symphonies in color. French poets wrote lyrics in white major, or elegies in purple minor. The idea was like absinthe—poisonous, intoxicating, and delightful. In England it whispered freedom to artistic minds that had long been subject to the immaculate influence of a saintly queen. It was a doctrine that promised occupation in a dreary age of pessimism and stagnation. "Since we are doomed to live," said the followers of Schopenhauer, "let us serve our sentence in the Louvre and create for ourselves the artificial paradises of illusion." The art of living should have been more profoundly affected than it was. Then if ever was the moment for the handsome highwayman or the artistic pol-

soner. But the opportunities seem to have been neglected. A few forgeries, a few commonplace murders, and the rest was house decoration. No man is more representative of the bizarre eighties than the brilliant Irishman, Oscar Wilde. He is the arch-sophist, the supreme representative of the multitudinous race of artists who enlisted ecstatically against the philistines and embroidered their flashing banners with the fantastic device, "l'art pour l'art"!

Oscar Wilde's particular illusion about art was this: he could not conceive her other than a mistress. The same courtesan conception of art has served Bernhardt all her wonderful life, and the tradition might have burdened the stage to this day had it not been for the genius of Duse. The Irish wit whose cynicism tore life to rags fell on his knees before his mistress Art, persisted in seeing her as she was not, and perhaps occasionally wearying her with his sustained sentimentality. He sought pleasure for her, not rapture. He denied her the deeper ecstasies inseparable from pain. He would not see that she was wasting for the fresh winds and the open landscape. He summoned the nymphs who gilded her hair and carmined her pallid cheeks. Her eyes were brightened with belladonna and her lashes were smeared with antimony. He asked only for illusion; her feigned ardors were all he craved. He bought jewels for her breast and rings for her powdered fingers, antique bracelets for her wrist, trinkets and flatteries for her ears, laces and embroideries for her apparel, ropes of pearls for her hair. For her he would embark upon any venture. He would bring muslins from Ceylon or silks from China, frankincense from Persia, perfumes from Arabia, and pearls from undiscovered seas.

"All art is surface and symbol," he

would say. He never imagined that perchance his mistress was hungering after other and nobler things; he never dreamt that she was unsatisfied with the beautiful but sterile emotions. He would have been amazed to learn from her lips that pregnant strangeness of proportion transcended sterile beauty, that the pain of giving life was ecstasy, and the renunciation of youth a holy and beautiful sacrifice. Oscar Wilde was recognized as the chosen lover of art and his paradoxes were eagerly awaited and deliriously applauded. With bewildering brilliancy of style he told us that Nature was impolite and uncivilized; that truth was respectable but tedious; that honesty inevitably led to platitude; and that the boorishness of facts justified all weary pessimists in elaborating the cultured lie and creating the fascinating sophistry.

The solar system and everybody in it having been annihilated, the question was then asked, "Where was the artist to go for inspiration?" The answer was ready. "To art itself." The chosen lover would make a poem bend in upon itself and repeat its pattern like a piece of music, like a song of Grieg. Or he would put into a ballad the pre-Raphaelite essence of a picture by Burne-Jones, or paint a word-study after Whistler. The only effect sought was the artistic effect, color, tone, technique, and form. There lay the cardinal error of that stupendous genius. But by the strength of his personality he succeeded in hypnotizing his audience into the belief that his very imperfections were really merits misunderstood.

The wine he gave to us was stage wine. He said that water became Burgundy if it was put into a Burgundy bottle. It was as if he believed that the sacraments themselves brought grace, and that the beauties of ritual created the truths of religion.

He wooed his mistress with musical phrases, but behind his light words was a mystical philosophy. What people called shallowness he called depth. He read symbols in all surfaces, and he was great enough to believe that he could be right and everybody else wrong. And yet we must refuse to believe that water may be turned into wine by some mysterious alchemy of phials. At rare intervals there breathes through the world a spirit like a mighty wind. The words of the spirit create their own miraculous form. Beauty, a woman, clings tremulously to this fierce masculine strength and sincerity. Such a spirit cannot trifle with patterns and mosaics. Word-music is drowned in thunders and cataclysms. Rhythm is given by the pulse of life not by the rules of art. Dare any dandy of the Quartier mention his darling doctrine to Isaiah? "L'art pour l'art" stands revealed for what it is: a weak femininity, a shrinking frailty that suggests delicate vases, rose-leaves from Botticelli, pale sonnets, still lakes and motionless swans, but not the ragged cries, the tearing of flesh, and the liberation of spirit brought by the eagles of Nietzsche.

Fortunately there is a principle of
The Outlook.

balance running through life, and really it does not matter very much in the end what they say outside the Comédie or what Bernard Shaw says in London. The more extravagant the heresy, the more crushing the counterblast. When quite weary of the "Fleurs du Mal" we turn with pleasure to Lamartine or to St. Francis. Without wishing so terrible a retribution we may nevertheless state that the day may arrive when the boulevards and cafés will be thronged with young men from the Quartier reading with eager sincerity the *Conversion of the Putney Charicoman and her Idiot Boy*.

Art for art's sake is an exaggeration, an over-worship of a means comparable with a miser's "gold for gold's sake." But Art is a nobler mistress than gold, and we shall treasure up the imperishable things that her mad lovers have whispered into her ears. There is enough evil in the phoenix of aesthetics to poison the springs of literature for centuries, just as there is enough anarchy in Christianity to subvert all the polities of the world. But every Tolstoy has his wife, and we are rescued sooner or later from the extravagances of religion, art, or science by our sense of immemorial platitude.

E. Steedsma.

POVERTY AND OPTIMISM.

There are people of whom one might almost say that a certain capacity for anxiety is their only virtue. Without it they would be utterly selfish and worthless. The fact that they are capable of care just saves their characters from complete animalism and keeps them human. As a rule it is the future of their children which preys upon their minds for good. Occasionally anxiety about their work

may have the same effect. We all think of duty as a stern cold mistress who casts her spell over the righteous only. This is not, however, quite true. She leads captive many men and women who might more truly be described as bad than good, over whom she has obtained an influence through the medium of anxiety, and whom she keeps in bondage for life unless they should be suddenly delivered by what

is erroneously called a stroke of luck and allowed once more to follow their own wayward wills.

What we have been saying is, we think, a common experience, specially among the poor, and is, we suppose, the reason why certain philanthropists and moralists regard the inculcation of anxiety as a sovereign remedy for all the evils to which the poor man and his children are heirs. If the poor would but look forward as we look forward, say they; if they would but realize how intensely precious is their health; how fearful a risk they run when they lose their work; how imperative it is that they should never waste a penny or an hour, and what ceaseless thought and care are necessary to the proper upbringing of children, we should no longer be distressed by the sight of so much squalor, and the problem of poverty which is at present set before every Government in Europe would be solved.

It is almost impossible to see much of the very poor and not fall into this way of thinking. Their optimism is sometimes heroic, often exasperating, and always amazing. They live—so we who are not of them assure one another—close to a precipice, at the bottom of which is destitution, hunger, and the workhouse. An illness or sudden loss of employment, a change of fortune on the part of their employers, a change in fickle public taste, may send them at any moment over the edge. Yet for a whim they will risk the fall; they will not take due precautions against it; the sight of their children's danger causes them little distress, and that though they have seen many and many a man fall over and have never seen any climb up again. Of all the terrors which beset the path of the very poor sickness is, one would have thought, the very worst; yet it appears to be one

of those least feared. Even the critics who take the most favorable view of the present Insurance scheme must admit that it has a cold reception at the hands of those whose supposed anxiety it was designed to relieve. Let any champion of the Act discuss it with any group of poor men, and he will come away with one strange misstatement ringing in his ears: "I am never ill," his interlocutors will say to him. The hard-worked professional man would hardly take a hundred pounds to tempt fate in such a fashion. Every evil that he fears would crowd upon his mind. The suffering of sickness, its wretched enforced idleness, the sad social descent which comes of serious loss of money, and which may involve—in a literal sense—the degrading of his children, form picture after picture in his imagination. The horizon of the less well-off professional man is never free from the clouds of care. Small wonder that he is often nervous and not seldom bitter. Are the really rich anxious? he wonders. Probably if he is a doctor he will answer this question in the affirmative and talk of heart-complaints brought on by money troubles; anyhow he will probably conclude that even the rich have not the immunity from anxiety enjoyed by the very poor. Not that the poor are happier than the rich—they all wish to be rich, while no rich man genuinely desires to be poor—but that they know the secret of an anodyne for which their more fortunate brethren seek in vain. Supposing that all the good people who preach care to them could take away that anodyne, would the happiness of the world be increased? Some people seem to think so. But surely it is a very open question whether without it their troubles would not be too much for them, whether they would not take the heart out of them altogether. Is

it not we who should learn from them in this matter rather than they from us?

The general sum of happiness would certainly be increased if they could make over to the educated a little of their peculiar courage. What can account for it? We suppose that like most courage it is the result of discipline. We are always hearing that discipline is the very thing that the poor lack, especially in youth. But what careless speakers mean when they lament this loss for the lower classes is drill rather than discipline. The discipline of endurance and the discipline of danger are always forming the characters of the poor, and they are able, there can be no doubt, to face the greater evils of existence, illness, destitution, and death from natural causes with greater calm than those who have had more training for life, but who have not been brought up under fire, so to speak, though they may be perhaps more ready to embrace the risks of pleasurable adventure. The consolations of religion are open to rich and poor alike, but the rich man, if he is without faith, will as a rule regard death as "the dark," struggle to avoid the thought of it, or lament with bitter impotence its inevitable necessity, and with his doctor's help will strain every nerve to avoid it. The optimism of the poor man stands him in good stead even here. The dead are "better off," he fancies, even if he be a secularist, and the thought of dying troubles him not at all.

The moral effects of anxiety present
The Spectator.

a very curious problem—on the one hand, spurring men to do right; on the other, demoralizing them by fear. It poisons life, yet it has medicinal qualities. Christianity deprecates anxiety and inculcates the taking of short views to an extent not in accordance with the fashionable wisdom of to-day. Had this counsel a directly moral aim, or was it inspired by compassion for the multitude? Who shall say? It is at least legitimate to imagine that compassion inspired in part the Christian deprecation of anxiety, we might almost say of forethought. To say the truth, it is difficult to prove the moral value of an unanxious disposition. If its great moral value can be proved, it throws a light upon the moral precedence which is undeniably given to the poor in the Gospel. Certainly faith comes more easily to those who have no instinctive dread of the future, and the bitterness which breeds scepticism and comes of fear is less likely to get a hold on the mind. Children are not anxious and they are held up in the New Testament as an example to their elders. It is hardly possible to-day to say what social level is most prolific of saints. If some great man of letters, some man with the genius of a Shakespeare, were to arise and were to set himself to paint for the world the ideal man of this generation, the best man, as we of to-day conceive the best, from what class would he take his hero? The moral instinct of humanity and the moral inspiration of Christianity always chime. He would probably take him from among the poor.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

To love such things as flowers, books, pictures and one's friends and to possess the ability to express these

emotions in clear musical verse, is no small gift. A modest little volume of poems by Amy Lowell, under the title,

"A Dome of Many Colored Glass," reflects the tastes and enthusiasms of a true lover of beautiful things. The poems are unmistakably of New England inspiration and one of the longer ones, entitled "The Boston Athenæum," will be particularly dear to all who have ever fallen under the spell of a library. One of the most perfect is a sonnet, "On Carpaccio's Picture; the Dream of St. Ursula," while another, suggested by reading an epitaph in a churchyard in Charleston, South Carolina, is undeniably real poetry. The poems are charming in their unaffected good taste and their unclouded sense of spiritual values. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

An exceedingly difficult task has been attempted by R. M. Johnson in "The Holy Christian Church" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) and one in which no man can hope to give satisfaction. He attempts to remeasure all the values of the history of the Church, going far back into the ages for thoughts which have made the greatest religion of the world what it is. While acknowledging a vast contribution of original thinking from both Jesus and Paul, he yet finds much oft-told matter in The Sermon on the Mount—as most scholars have before him—and lays the stress of the Orthodox conception of Jesus wholly on the shoulders of Paul. In fact he calls Christianity a "great Græco-Roman-Judaic composite structure." His tribute to the personality of Jesus, especially as a marvel of intellectual ability, is very fervent; and he even believes in many of the miracles, as "faith cures." He also accepts the resurrection as a sort of awakening from a trance after a half-completed crucifixion. But his history of the Church is far from flattering and he berates both modern Protestantism and Roman Catholicism with no sparing tongue.

"Herself," by Ethel Sidgwick, is one of the most indescribable of books. Of course, one can say that the characters are well-drawn, the plot interesting, the incidents well-imagined, the dialogue sparkling, and even add a number of other laudatory adjectives; but each of them has been so distorted by repeated applications to books whose exaggerated virtues have stood out grotesquely against a background of mediocrity that, even in combination, they make only a rough caricature of a book of the well-balanced excellence of Miss Sidgwick's. It is not obviously different from ordinary fiction in what it lacks. There is not a sentence of purely educational value, nor a word of description for its own sake; not a hint of a moral, or even of one of those morals of the second order—psychological, physiological, or pathological—which are so well received in circles which would burn their more orthodox ancestors at the stake. There is hardly a flick of contemptuous satire, and no probing into people's motives with a curiosity that would not be tolerated in real life—only the most respectful treatment for good and bad, dull and interesting; no sentimental tinting of the high lights, and no spoutings of forced emotion to move the waiting reader to tears and passionate sympathy. In fact, one could continue to enumerate what the book is not until there would seem to be nothing left for it to be; but that is just the secret of its true distinction;—it is the pure gold of fiction, without alloy. It is not especially quotable, and perhaps not extraordinarily rememberable; but it is eminently readable. Its picture of Harriet Clench and her troubles, not the least of which are her irrepressible and irresponsible cousin Pat and her equally "collectable" father, is one of the literary treats of the season. Small, Maynard & Co.